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JOURNAL

OF THE

MOVEMENTS

OF THE

BRITISH LEGION.

1906

BY AN OFFICER,

LATE OF THE QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL'S STAFF.

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PREFACE.

FIVE days after the action of Ayetta, in prosecution of my original intention, and with the special leave of the Lieut.-General, I continued my route to England, having, most fortunately, not been impeded by several wounds received in that truly brilliant affair.—Since my arrival in London, I have seen Captain Henningson's "Year with Zumalacarregui" "which, in the *literary* acceptation of the term, is unquestionably an excellent book—Captain Henningson's pages are, however, so distorted by party spirit, particularly where, in imitation of his clique,

he so lavishly abuses the English "ragamuffins," as he is most courteously pleased to term General Evans, and his troops; that it is impossible to repress a smile of mingled pity and contempt—pity for the bitter partizanship which could conceive the epithet—contempt for the man who could, not excitedly utter, but deliberately write it —Captain Henningson is however, I believe, a very *young* man, as certain of his critiques prove, or he would have discrimination enough to perceive that such wholesale abuse as he thinks proper to indulge in, comes with a very bad grace from a German, from whom might be expected, at least, the good taste of abstaining from invidious comment on the subjects of a country, at this moment affording him an asylum and a home; particularly on men who hold a rank in the British Army, to which he, Captain Henningson, cannot have the most remote *pretention*.

The fact of the "Year with Zumalacarregui" having been written, as it evidently has been, after the Author's return from Service, more than ever confirms me in the determination to give my notes, composed amid the toil of duty, unaltered, and unembellished to the world.—It will be seen that mine are the facts of daily observation,—not got up at the eleventh hour for a particular and interested purpose, but written under the influence of surrounding circumstances, as they severally occurred—In furtherance of this end, as will also be seen, I have even retained matter, which, in any other case, might be deemed superfluous; and no stronger proof can be given than in the increasing admiration, (romantic it may appear to some), with which I have described the country, as my advance into it, each succeeding day, made me more acquainted with its sublimity.

What errors may occur in the course of this volume, must be considered as purely typographical, and the result of my return to San Sebastian, at the moment when my MSS. is consigned into the Printer's hands. Had the publication been of a different character, and not with a specific and present object in view—that of the early disabuse of the public mind, in regard to certain impressions erroneously entertained of the British Legion, I should have deferred giving any notes to the world, until a more favorable opportunity occurred.—As it is, it may be hoped the public, generally, will make every due allowance for the imperfections of a work, submitted to press during my absence—although I can scarcely expect the mere literary critic will consider my plea an extenuation.

I had intended giving some further personal details of the battle of Ayetta—details which

I have reason to believe will not be without interest to the Public: but these I shall reserve for a future volume.

"THE AUTHOR."

London, June 7th, 1836.

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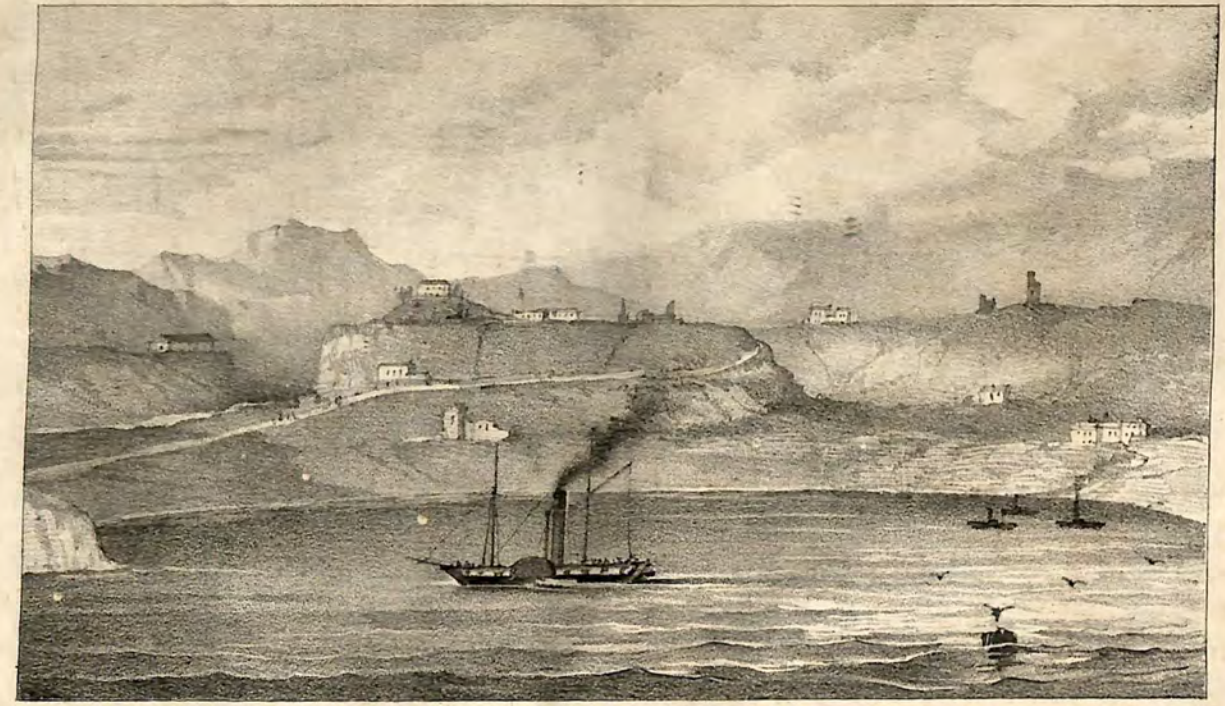

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VIEW OF THE ENEMY'S POSITION

JOURNAL

OF THE MOVEMENTS OF THE

BRITISH LEGION.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL AT SAN SEBASTIAN—DESCRIPTION OF ITS GRANDEUR—PUNISHMENT OF A SOLDIER FOR MUTINY—HARD DUTY OF OFFICERS—DINNER GIVEN BY THE FIRST REGIMENT—BALL TO THE INHABITANTS—TRAITORS IN SAN SEBASTIAN—AFFAIR OF HERNANI—REMOVAL TO PORTAGALETTE—ATTACK ON LORD JOHN HAY'S BOATS—INFAMOUS QUARTERS—AFFAIR OF PORTAGALETTE—MARCH TO BILBAO—AFFAIR OF THE PUENTA NUEVO—CARLIST PRISONER—POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

On the 23rd of July the right wing of the second regiment of the British Auxiliary Legion sailed from Portsmouth for San Sebastian, on board the Royal Tar steamer. The passage, occupying four days, offered no other incident than

a severe squall, which occurred on Sunday, the 26th, carrying away what canvass we had set, and otherwise greatly incommoding the men, 400 in number, who were crowded upon her decks; some thunder and lightning accompanied a deluge of rain, and as we had taken our powder on board at Spithead, there was apprehension that injury might arise from the quantity of iron-work necessarily connected with the steam apparatus. The storm however passed off, and on the following morning, at day break, the bold head-lands of St. Sebastian and its vicinity were dimly seen in the distance. We entered the harbour about mid-day, and as the steamer passed the strait, conducting into the basin, we embraced one of the most magnificent coup-d'œils it is possible to conceive. There was that in the scene altogether that filled the heart with a wonderment, in which delight and awe were singularly blended. On the right, rises a bold and precipitous head-land, crowned by a light-house, that looks like the habitation of some genius of the air; on the left, the lofty battlements of San Sebastian, which convey to the

Hadelay lith. Wellington St. Strand.

VIEW OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

mind of the beholder their utter unassailableness by any thing short of British valour, headed by British resolution. Forming the centre of the arch, of which these points are the extremities, are to be seen a succession of lofty hills, which in England would be termed mountains, not rude and desolate, and barren, as the rocky superstratum would lead one to believe, but clothed with rich verdure and luxuriant crops, and studded with an infinitude of antique looking houses, harmonizing admirably with the romantic character of the whole. On one of these, and distinctly visible with the telescope, is the outpost of Don Carlos' army. From this point the arrival of the steamer must have been witnessed by the enemy, whose inertness in not seeking to annoy us, (the right shore being in their possession), is truly unaccountable. Beyond this outpost, and in the far distance, spring mountains, along whose sides roll immense volumes of clouds, that add not a little to the grandeur and sublimity of the scene, contrasting, as they do, with the white smooth sands that stand out in light relief on the low foreground

of the picture. Why was it that I experienced an emotion which I can find no words to render, on approaching this truly glorious scene? I have been in various parts of the world, have beheld nature clad alternately in smiles, and in frowns, admired all that was soft and lovely—all that was terrific and grand—in her several aspects, but never, even in my early youth, did I experience that swelling of the gratified heart which leaves the voice tremulous in its expression of the admiration created in the soul. Never did I then, as on this occasion, attempt to convey to others the impression produced on my mind, and find that language was insufficient for the purpose. Why, I ask, was this? Was it the touching picture of the dense masses of Spaniards, in their various characteristic costumes, who rose in pyramidical array from its very base to the summit of San Sebastian, waving their caps and giving every other indication of joy, at receiving their new brothers in arms? Or was it the excitement produced by nature alone in the heart of one who had ever been faithful in his worship of her beauty,

and prized her most when arrayed in the garb that told at once of loveliness and grandeur?—Whatever it was, I felt as if I could have shed tears, and yet been unable to say to those who questioned me, wherefore!

Early in the afternoon the boats were dispatched from the mole for us, and our disembarkation was effected, amid "vivas!" from the Spaniards, and occasional discharges of guns from the highest point of the battlements of San Sebastian. When each boat left the steamer, three cheers were given for the "Royal Tar," and on approaching the mole, three more for the Spaniards. As each company formed on the beach, it was marched off to the barracks of St. Elmo, preceded by a Spanish band. The balconies of the houses were thronged, and over them peered many a dark and sparkling eye, that marked any thing but disapprobation of the arrival of the strangers. On the whole, our reception wanted the brilliancy and fervor that had marked the landing of the 1st regiment; but this was to be expected. The nine days wonder had ceased, and the inhabitants satisfied them-

selves with evincing all the kindliness of gratulation, without incommoding themselves, or us, by an exhibition of its boisterousness.

The news communicated of the enemy on our arrival, was of a nature to inspire disgust and a desire for vengeance in our minds. Lord John Hay had come over from Bilbao in a steamer on the preceding day, and reported that two marines belonging to his ship had been taken by the Carlists and shot. A man of the 1st regiment of the Legion, who had wandered a little distance from San Sebastian, had also fallen in with a picquet of the enemy, and was captured; his fate can scarcely be said to be doubtful.

July 30th.—A district court martial sat to day on a man, who, on open parade, swore he would knock down any officer or private who should dare to approach him, and otherwise used most mutinous language. His sentence will be read tomorrow before the brigade, which is ordered to assemble to witness his punishment, when it is to be hoped such example will be made as will prevent others from falling into the same course.

July 31st. This morning the sentence was carried into effect, and corporal punishment inflicted upon the prisoner in presence of the brigade. He bore it unflinchingly, and at the close, when taken down, cried out in the most mutinous and insolent manner, "Hurra, boys, it's over now, and there's no great harm in that, they've done their worst." This language might and would have been passed over, had not the prisoner finished by throwing a tin water-can, which had been given him by one of the drummers, with great violence from him, and in the most disorderly manner: certainly had there existed any disposition to mutiny on the part of the great body of the men, nothing could have more tended to call it forth; but the act brought its merited punishment. By order of Colonel Kirby, who commanded the parade, a drum-head court-martial, consisting of one major and six captains, was instantly assembled in the centre of the square. Then, indeed, was the prisoner completely crest-fallen. He had not anticipated this power to try him so immediately after a first punishment. He threw himself upon his knees,

and in the most piteous tones implored for mercy; declaring that he had acted under the influence of madness—that excited by the punishment, he knew not what he said or did. He promised that, if forgiven, he would ever after prove a good soldier; but his appeal met with no reply. The court proceeded with its deliberations, and when it had closed, the sentence awarded was found to be one hundred and fifty lashes, for the crime of mutinous conduct on parade. A change came over the acting of the artful prisoner; he no longer pleaded for mercy, but affected weakness and inability to stand. He was raised from the earth, borne to the tree where he had originally been tied up, and the drummer flourished his cat. Colonel Kirby addressed the parade, pointed out the flagrant crime of which the man had been guilty, expressed his determination to show them that mutiny and insubordination should be put down, and concluded by pardoning the offender. This was as it should have been. It proved to the prisoner, and to the men at large, that there was no personal feeling against the individual, but a resolution to uphold

the discipline of British soldiers in a foreign land, in the manner most befitting our high military name. What General Evans will say to the punishment, is not so clear, but from his known hostility to flogging, it is doubtful whether he will approve it. Certainly, this offender merited death or the cat.

August 4th.—As officers, we have decidedly no sinecures; perpetual drillings of the men, and constant attendance at the barracks, in order to the well-conduct of our charge. To-day the London Merchant steamer arrived, and in her about 250 men of our left wing. The great nuisance of these arrivals at different periods, is, that when the first party have spent their bounty, and shown symptoms of returning sobriety, the introduction of fresh comers distracts the good order and arrangement it has cost the officers so much time and trouble to accomplish. These things, however, are unavoidable. On the whole, the 2nd regiment has been better conducted than the 1st, and in my company, consisting of ninety-six men, I know not one essentially bad subject.

August 7th.—This evening there was a heavy firing of musketry, distinctly audible from our drill-ground near the glacis of the town, which continued for upwards of an hour. We expected to hear of considerable loss, but were informed that only two Carlists had been killed, and one wounded, while the Chapelgorris, a sort of urban militia, so designated from their red caps, had one man wounded. From this it may be inferred that Spaniards love to keep themselves at a respectable distance from their enemies; a circumstance that speaks volumes for their character as a military people. But *nous verrons*.

August 9th.—This day we dined with the 1st regiment, at their barracks in the convent of San Francisco, outside the town. It was a sight to call up Tory spleen, more especially that of those most honorable gentlemen who were pleased to designate us, in the House of Commons, as a set of "mercenary adventurers;" quite forgetting that having barred the door of promotion to us in our own service, we were naturally eager to seek it in some other. Had they been present, they

would have been compelled to admit that British officers, even serving under a foreign power, which appears to be their great crime, are still gentlemen. No British mess ever sat down with greater *retenu*, or presented a better appearance. It is true there were wanting many of the elegancies, but there was abundance of the necessaries adapted to such an occasion; and, what was better, the cheer that was given, came from men anxious to rival us, not only in arms, but in all the more gentlemanly courtesies of life. A Spanish band of the regiment of Ovieda attended during dinner, and played several overtures from the operas of the day. After dinner, the cloth being removed, (no—not removed, for it was left to conceal the rudeness of the table) the health of the king was given, and the walls of the refectory, which in days of yore had doubtless oft responded to the joyous revellings of saintly monks and nuns, were now made to echo back the heartfelt cheers of fifty as gallant hearts as ever beat under a soldier's corslet. In truth, a finer body of officers were never assembled under the same roof, in the same number

be that roof where it will—no, not under the roof of a British mess-room. "God save the King" was played by the band in good style, and with much correctness; after which was given by the President (Colonel Kirby) the health of "the Queen of Spain, our Royal Mistress;" this toast was drank with the same honor that had been paid to our own sovereign, and the band struck up "Riego's hymn." Other toasts succeeded, which drew short but appropriate speeches from Brigadier-General Chichester and the commanding officers, and at an early hour (we sat down at three) we all retired to the promenade near the convent. Flirting with the dark-eyed Señoras then commenced in due order.

August 21st.—A ball was given last night by the officers of the 1st regiment to the inhabitants of San Sebastian, in return for a dinner on their first arrival. To this, of course, the officers of the 2nd were invited. Such of them as could be spared from the convent of San Francisco, (where we had relieved the 1st) went. As unfortunate captain of the day, it was my lot to remain behind, but

from the accounts of all parties, I sustained no great loss, except in the supper, which was excellent, and the Champagne which, excellent also, was distributed with an unsparing hand. It would appear that the expectations of many were sadly disappointed on a nearer view of, and approach to the ladies of San Sebastian, who boast few of the refinements of manner usually attributed to the daughters of once chivalrous Spain. It is hardly fair, however, to judge altogether from the specimen afforded by these, inasmuch as with the exception of some few families whom the civil war has driven to take refuge within the walls of the town, the society of the place is composed principally of shopkeepers. However, there was nothing to excuse the bad taste of the women, in dressing like so many dowdies, (that is the word) considering their vicinity to the land of the Gaul. The mantilla alone constitutes the charm of their dress; without it they are nothing.

August 22nd.—No event of any moment has occurred to interrupt the active preparations we are making to take the field. Drill—morn-

ing and evening—until my unfortunate head aches with hearing the same words over and over repeated, and my legs are ready to sink under me from positive fatigue. No drill sergeant in England has harder work than we poor captains of companies, on whom every thing is made to devolve; for in truth, our non-commissioned officers are any thing but effective, and we can place but little dependance on them. Three of our men have deserted to the enemy, induced by the temptation of five-and-twenty dollars a man, offered by a set of scoundrelly spies, whom we are endeavoring to detect—should we discover any of them, they will be hanged, without even the form of a trial, from the trees of the avenue conducting to our barracks. One of the deserters was a serjeant in my own company, and a man so clean in his habits, and correct in his deportment, that I would as soon have suspected an officer as himself. I find since, however, that it was known among the men he had repeatedly deserted from the British service, and had only left one

regiment two days before we enlisted him at Portsmouth. Thus it is, as we seldom hear of a man's merit until after his death, so nought was said of my sergeant's demerit until after his flight. The old proverb of "appearances" comes in aptly enough here;—I wish Don Carlos joy of the acquisition of the traitor. His name is Prenderville.

August 30th. This morning was made the first demonstration of hostilities since our arrival in San Sebastian. The enemy had been sedulously employed, during the last two days, in throwing up breast works upon a lofty hill covering the village of Hermani, and from this it was determined by Generals Evans, Alava, and Tauregui (the two former of whom had been some days arrived) to dislodge them. Accordingly the Spanish regiments of Fernandos and Africa together with the Chapelgories led the way followed by the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and the right wing of the 7th regiments of the British Legion. The Spaniards soon succeeded in driving the enemy from the hills, but they retired in good order from their outpost to their principal position, Santa Barbara, a height

crowned with bold crags, and affording every obstacle to the pursuit of their enemies. The intermediate ground, consisting of an alternation of corn fields and hedges, was disputed step by step; a part of the 1st regiment only, with one wing of the 7th of the British troops supported the Spaniards, and were engaged for a considerable part of the day, and it was merely when compelled, by the advance of evening, to abandon the attempt to carry the height, that, hotly followed by the Carlists in return, the 3rd and part of the 2nd took share in the affair. We were kept as a reserve, when, had we aided the 1st, who gallantly attempted the height, in conjunction with the Spaniards, we must in all probability have accomplished the capture of the position.

But a reconnoissance only was intended in the first instance, nor had any plan been fixed upon beyond attempting the first height. Had General Evans been permitted, he would have attacked, and doubtlessly carried the town of Hernani; but the desire expressed by him on this subject was overruled by General Alava, who peremptorily

forbade it. Add to this, that his object in coming to San Sebastian, was merely to show and accustom his men to the enemy, and for this reason chiefly was the reconnoissance undertaken.

As it was, the enemy, encouraged by our failure in carrying Santa Barbara, made rapid movements to attack us in the flank, and turn our rear. They pressed hotly upon us, and as there was reason to fear they might attempt to get completely between us and San Sebastian, and possess themselves of our convent, the troops were ordered to retire. This we did closely, and in good order. The Spanish and English force engaged on the occasion consisted of about 4,000 men, while that of the Carlists, from information received, might be computed at 7,000, under General Gomez.

They made a great display of force. The firing lasted from twelve at noon until seven in the evening. The regiments of Fernando and Africa suffered considerably. Two officers of the 1st were slightly wounded; of the 2nd regiment one man was killed, two wounded; the whole

English loss, was thirty-five killed and wounded; that of the Spaniards, eighty-seven killed and wounded.

In the early part of the action, the Carlists had made seven or eight prisoners of the regiment of Fernando, who, in sight of several officers of the 1st British, were taken to the rear, and deliberately shot. The deaths of these men were, however, fearfully avenged. When a party of the regiment found itself compelled to retire, they had with them fourteen prisoners. The Carlists were then in close pursuit, and the last round of ammunition was in the muskets of the Fernandos. In this emergency, fearing their prisoners might be re-captured, they consulted together for a few moments, and then levelled at the hearts of their victims;—a simultaneous discharge, and they fell,—the bayonet completing what the bullet had left unfinished. This was a sad but a just retribution, for the early massacre by the enemy. But neither the Fernandos nor the Chapelgorris give or receive quarter.

August 31st.—This morning, while reposing

from the fatigues of the preceding day, we were summoned at an early hour from our beds by a sudden order for the right wing of our regiment to embark for Portagalette, on board the Spanish vessels of war lying in the harbour. This movement is said to be with a view to our subsequent entry into Bilbao, closely besieged by the Carlists who are in great force, and determined to take the place if possible. I am now writing in the cabin of the Guadiana, a Spanish man of war brig.

September 1st.—We have just arrived too late to participate in the defeat of the Carlists, who made a brisk attack on Portagalette last evening, but were hotly repulsed by the 6th Scotch and 7th Irish, already arrived before us. The latter were near enough to use their bayonets, having unexpectedly surprised the Carlists in a cornfield, on a height overlooking the barracks we at this moment occupy. A lad of the 7th, not eighteen years of age, shot one Carlist, and "pinned" another with his bayonet against a stone wall. The same evening the Carlists sent

down a challenge, to the effect that 1500 of their men would meet an equal number of ours, neither party receiving assistance while engaged. This message was communicated to Colonel Tupper, of the 6th (Scotch), who replied that he declined meeting an enemy who fought skulkingly from behind rocks, hedges, and all sorts of cover, in the manner proposed; but if the Carlist General would bring down 1,000 of his men into the open ground, adjoining his position, he would engage to meet and beat them with his own regiment, consisting of 600 only, no assistance to be rendered to either party. Message, much to the disappointment of Colonel Tupper and the gallant 6th, not accepted.

September 5th.—Our position, for the last few days, has certainly not been that of feather-bed soldiers. We are quartered outside the walls of the town, and, more than any other portion of the troops, exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who are frequently to be seen crowning some hills immediately in our rear. The consequence has been, the necessity of beating to arms long before

day, after using every precaution against surprise during the night. The Carlists, and the 6th Scotch, who are also advanced, have had one or two trifling skirmishes, but with little or no loss on either side; the former never venturing within the utmost range of the musket.

An event of some interest and importance however occurred the day before yesterday, (the 3rd.) Two boats belonging to the English squadron, and sailing under English colors down the river Narbionne, which conducts from Portagalette to Bilbao, were fired upon by a party of Carlists from either shore, and within my own view. The boats had been hailed, and desired not to pass, by the officer commanding the Carlists; one obeyed the the order and went in, when the commander was made prisoner. The other boat continued its course, and the Carlists opened a running fusillade, by which nine men out of twelve were killed and wounded. Three of them were buried last night, with the usual ceremonies. Lord John Hay has despatched a vessel home, to announce this second daring attack upon the British flag,

and it now remains to be seen whether the insult will be tamely submitted to. We are concentrating all our strength in this quarter, with a view to drive the enemy from the position he has taken up between this and Bilbao, and thereby remove the blockade. We have here the 1st, 2nd, and 7th of the Legion, from San Sebastian, and the 6th and 9th from Santander, making in all 3,000 British troops. A steamer is also at this moment landing a regiment of Spaniards, more of whom are expected. General Evans is to be here either this evening or to-morrow, so that by Tuesday we may expect to move forward, (supported by four or five gun-boats), upon the Carlists, who are represented at from 9,000 to 10,000 strong. There is no doubt we shall have a severe struggle, but our men are animated by the best spirit, and eager to close with their enemies; the more especially, as they find great difficulty in procuring what is wanted in Portagalette: Indeed, any change must be for the better. The officers of our right wing have fared but indifferently, living almost wholly upon their

rations of bread, wine, and meat, (which by the way, are not bad, of their several kinds), and occupying rooms in which there is not a table or chair to be seen. Another Captain of my regiment is doubled up with me, and our messing is certainly not after the manner of London exquisites—"*Chacun pour soi-même et le bon Dieu pour nous tous,*" is the prevailing principle; and "short commons," it must be confessed, is a terrible leveller of the conventional courtesies of life. Could one of those Tories who thought proper to be so severe upon us in the outset, take a sly peep at this moment into our den, and see my brother Captain and myself, and all unto us appertaining, he certainly might, if gifted with a talent for caricature, exercise it with ludicrous effect. We look forward, however, to Bilbao, as the terminating point of our present temporary privations, and, as we have reason to believe, we shall be received by the inhabitants with open arms, it is as much the interest as it is the desire, both of officers and men, to be brought into earliest contact with the enemy that interposes

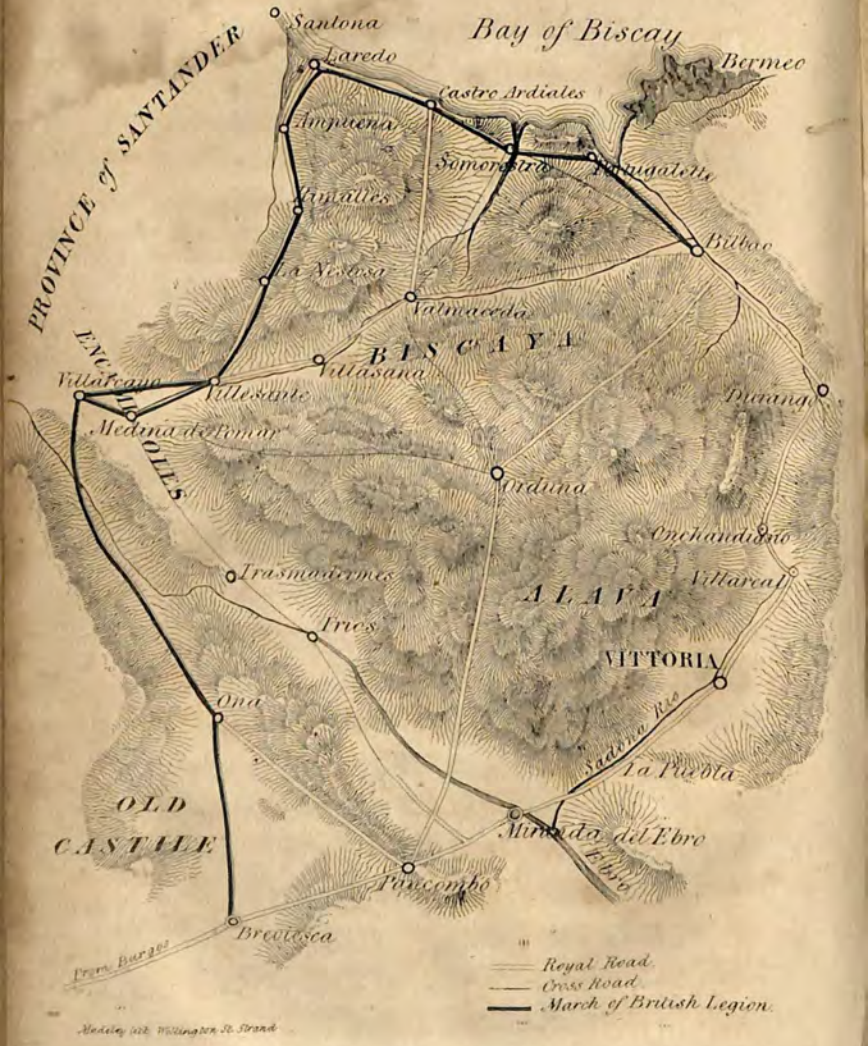
between us and the goal we covet. If the fellows will but stand, we shall readily enough manage them; but their system of warfare is so dastardly —so like that of the American Indians, (never firing a shot but from cover,) that they are likely to annoy us much, even though they may not withstand our onward progress. There is a report to-day that the Carlists have retreated six leagues, leaving the passage to Bilbao once more free; but this is scarcely to be credited, for although they have seen a considerable body of troops landed within the last few days, it can scarcely be supposed, that with the men they can bring into the field, they will not make some show, at least, of resistance; or, it may be, that they will suffer us to pass on to Bilbao, and when they know the greatest part of the force to have gone thither, they will make a final and determined attack upon Portagalette with the whole of their army. Should they succeed in carrying it, Bilbao will be placed precisely in the same position of blockade in which it now stands, as there is no seaward communication with it, save by Porta-

galette. We shall see how far my impression is correct. Before another week some of us will have slept with our forefathers.

September 6th.—After finishing what I had of my journal, yesterday, I was aroused from the rude couch on which I had thrown myself, by a report of musketry close to our barracks, and from a height completely and closely overhanging them. On ascending the hill, I found our piquet were being fired upon by a considerably party of Carlists, who had approached very near under cover of the hedges, corn-fields, and vineyards. Two companies of our right wing (the Grenadiers and my own), advanced to repulse them, a duty in which we succeeded, driving them in succession from two lofty hills, half a league distant, on which the enemy attempted a rally. We were, however, ordered to retire, and thus missed making many prisoners. As we withdrew, the Carlists, according to their custom, followed us; but finding that we kept up a hot fire, maintained a respectful distance. An officer of the Grenadiers being wounded, and several of the enemy advancing

rapidly to secure him, we again, in our turn, became the pursuing party, when the Carlists, as before, retired with all the expedition possible. Evening put a close to the skirmish. It is remarkable how excessively ill the Carlists fired. Although our men leisurely traversed the fields and vineyards, as they returned, and a continued and heavy musketry was kept upon them, with the exception of the officer of the Grenadiers, only one man was wounded. The Carlists must have lost several men, as we distinctly saw two or three fall. We assumed that their object in approaching thus nigh, was to fire upon the Lieutenant-General, then landing from San Sebastian.

September 7th.—We have had full confirmation of the report of yesterday, that the Carlists had abandoned the siege of Bilbao, and retired some leagues into the interior of the country. We certainly did not expect this, for they were said to be in great strength, and fully resolved to accomplish the subjection of Bilbao. The height they occupied above the town, and completely com-



ROUTE OF MARCH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS, FROM BILBOA to VITTORIA.

manding the river, moreover offered obstacles to our advance, which it must have cost some hundreds of men to surmount, had they maintained their position. However, there is comfort in the thought, that although we shall not make our entry into Bilbao quite as gloriously as we had anticipated, we still shall get there, and that, after the horrid hole in which we are quartered, without chair or table, and in rooms that are flooded after every rain, will indeed be a treat. The 1st and 6th are to march to-day.

September 9th.—This morning we received the order to march to Bilbao, and had hoped to accomplish the distance in a short space of time; but greatly to our astonishment, on reaching the ruins of the Puenta Lochana, which the Carlists had blown up prior to their departure, found that no preparation of any kind had been made for our transport across the water. After waiting for upwards of an hour without any boats making their appearance, or any steps being taken for our removal, we at length pressed a peasant into our service as a guide, with orders to conduct us to a

small bridge a considerable distance beyond, and after a march of some twelve miles, over a mountainous country, when it should not have been more than eight, over a level road, we came to the walls of Bilbao at a late hour in the evening. The spirits of the men, who had withstood a good deal of privation during the day, were not a little depressed, for just as they expected to enter the place, an order was given for us to retrace our steps, and take post in the convent of the Capuchins, close under the strong hold recently possessed by the Carlists. Here, however, there was no asylum, and once more we were compelled to come to the right about, and secure our night's lodging under the piazza surrounding the church, in the small village of Oliveaga.

Here, without other food during the day than what their scanty breakfast of chocolate and biscuit had afforded, the men passed the night on the sharp, rugged stones, and yet with as little murmuring as I ever recollect to have witnessed among the most orderly British troops. Of a verity these men are in every sense British, and

had any one prejudiced against the service, witnessed their orderly and excellent conduct throughout the day, he would have been surprised into admiration of their behavior. We have proved that the fellows will willingly and readily fight, and if they improve in their general discipline a little more, they will be able to compete for the palm of glory with any British troops in the service.

September 12th.—Yesterday we were suddenly ordered under arms to support an attack, said to have been made on the 7th British, who had been sent out on the road leading to Durango. Our route lay through Bilbao, and as we passed, we were joined severally by the 1st, 3rd, and 6th regiments. As we advanced we met several wounded Spaniards, some walking, others borne upon mules, but none of the 7th, who, it turned out, had never been engaged at all, or even seen the enemy. The truth was, that General Espeleta had quitted Bilbao early in the morning, for the purpose of reaching Durango, with the force of Spaniards previously brought up to the relief of Bilbao; but so wretched was their intelligence,

so little knew they of the movements or position of the enemy, that it was not until having advanced some six miles from the town, that, suddenly attacked by the Carlists, they found what they seemed not to have anticipated, the whole force of the latter upon them. Pressed in front, and in flank, Espeleta gave the order to retire slowly back upon Bilbao, by echellon of battalions, but the officer entrusted with this message to the several commanders, mistook its purport altogether, and issued a general order to retreat. The result was, as in all occasions of the same kind, some panic, and more confusion, ensued, giving the retreat more the character of flight. It was at this crisis that the British regiments were marched out, the 7th having considerably taken the advance; but scarcely had we passed the Puenta Nuevo, beyond Bilbao on the road to Durango, when a countermarch of the reserve was ordered, and we returned to Bilbao, our regiment marching back to their barracks at the church of the Capuchins, to eat their dinners, which were then cooking.

Meanwhile the firing drew nearer to the town, and as we moved to our barracks, I could distinctly see, with the aid of my telescope, both parties hotly engaged on the heights overlooking the town. That part of the Queen's army which retired by the main road were so closely pursued by the Carlists, that on arriving at the bridge, to which I have alluded, many threw themselves into the river, and nearly 200 perished in that manner. It was at this point that the troops of the Queen sought to rally, and recover from the confusion into which the unfortunate order for general and indiscriminate retreat had thrown them. More than once the bridge was taken and retaken, while Espartera, who had come to the scene, full of shame and indignation at the conduct of his men, was seen to tear his hair, and court the loss of a life no longer valuable to him. In fact, on being remonstrated with on the danger to which he unnecessarily exposed himself, he replied, "that he courted danger, and did not wish to survive the day." But though the bullets of the enemy spared him not, (he having received two wounds,) his

wish was not realized. Driven again, and finally, from the bridge, the Queen's troops once more pursued their retreat, and the Carlists pressed fiercely upon them. At this juncture, the 3rd regiment of the Legion, which had been ordered out to cover the retreat of the Spaniards, came up, and proceeded to carry the bridge. From the narrowness of the pass, however, this duty devolved upon one company alone (the Light), and these acquitted themselves so well, that the enemy were speedily driven back, and kept in check until some degree of order had been restored in the broken ranks of Espeleta's army. It was with difficulty the men of the 3rd could be restrained from following into the heart of the Carlists' battalion, for the bayonet had been used, and the blood of the Englishman was up to an extent to render it difficult of control. The officers of the light company conducted themselves so well on this occasion, leading on and animating their men, that General Evans paid them the compliment of noticing them in orders. Major King, of the 3rd, a gallant fine young officer, who had received a

wound in his left arm at Hernani, near San Sebastian, on the 30th, was hit, in this affair, in the little finger of his right hand. Of the men two only were killed, and eight wounded. The loss of the Spaniards throughout the day was considerable. Independently of the 200 drowned in the attempt to cross the river, two companies were completely cut off, and 270 went into hospital, many severely wounded. The number of killed is not precisely known, but the whole loss may be computed at not less than 500 men *hors de combat*.

September 18th.—A Carlist prisoner was brought in this morning wounded, and being confined in the guard-house of one of the Spanish regiments, contiguous to our barracks at Bilbao, into which we have recently moved, I took the opportunity to visit him. Several officers entered with me, passed by the commander of the Spanish guard. On seeing us, the prisoner, who was lying on the ground, leaning his head upon his hand, probably pondering on the fate that awaited him, suddenly rose to his feet, both with the air of a man taken

by surprise, and of one who seems conscious that he stands in the presence of those from whom he has little favor to expect. His *tout ensemble* certainly bore every characteristic of the guerilla brigand. His countenance was fierce, his brow lowering, his visage excessively dark, his hair black and matted, and his beard for the last day or two, unshaven, —a picture that was not at all improved by an incrustation of blood of the true Moorish dye upon the right forehead, where he had received the wound, which had trickled upon his face. His dress was a coarse, Irish-blackguard-snuff colored frock coat, with a red collar, and his nether garments told of the muddy passes of the mountains in which he had been in the habit of dwelling: on the whole, the man was of such unprepossessing appearance, that one would not willingly have made his acquaintance on a dark night, and in an exposed situation.

We questioned him as to the force in the neighborhood, and he at once said 15 battalions and 9,000 men. On asking if there were any

English soldiers prisoners with the enemy, he admitted there were six *musicos*, (that number of the band had been cut off while straggling on the march from Portagalette), none of whom had been touched. An officer of ours then said to him, " if you were to take us prisoners, of course, we should be shot immediately." This inference however, he had address enough to disclaim with much warmth, meaning to imply that no such fate awaited us. In this he certainly showed tact.

September 13th.—Late last night the several regiments of the Legion received an order to be under arms this morning at four o'clock. It rained incessantly, and though it was pitch-dark at that hour, the men turned out with an alacrity that reflected the highest credit upon them; but there was no movement. It had been intended that we should support the Spanish army, in a second attempt to drive back the enemy and make their way to Durango; but intelligence arrived at an hour later than that at which the order had been issued, that Don Carlos himself had come up with

seven more battalions, making his force to consist of somewhere about 16,000 men. This increase of strength seems to have altered the plan of operations on our side—what will now be done remains to be seen. It cannot be too much regretted that the Queen's generals had not better information as to the position of the enemy before quitting Bilbao on the 11th. Had any suspicion of their proximity been entertained, doubtless we should have marched also; and had the movement been crowned with that success we had a right to anticipate, the defeat of the Carlist army, as then composed, would have rendered its subsequent junction with that of Don Carlos a matter of secondary importance. As it is, flushed with partial triumph, and encouraged by a considerable accession of strength, there is no knowing what may be the result. The whole of the enemy's army are within four miles of Bilbao. I wish our remaining regiments, viz., the 4th, 5th, 8th, and 10th, were even partially organized, and with us. At present, we are not more than 3,000 men, yet with these, if

properly supported, we might do much. England, and England's Tories in particular, have their eyes upon us at this crisis, and we must do our duty—not to the Tories, but to ourselves.

CHAPTER II.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE CARLIST FORCES—BILBAON MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS—REMOVAL OF MY REGIMENT TO SAINT MAMES—REMARKS OF THE AUTHOR ON THE DECLINE OF MONASTERIES—DETACHED TO SOROZA—WRETCHEDNESS OF QUARTERS—RETURN TO SAINT MAMES—MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT AT SOROZA—STATION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR—TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF A CARLIST.

September 20th.—The Carlists, it is now ascertained, have completely abandoned the neighborhood; but whither, no one seems to know. This is to be regretted; for if we go forth in pursuit of them, the undertaking may be a hopeless one, and it is essential to our credit as soldiers, that we should have one fair fight at least. Now the saints only know when we shall have a chance of the sort. In the meanwhile we amuse ourselves as we may, in Bilbao, during those moments (and

they are few enough, Heaven knows) which we can spare from our professional duties. The hospitality of the people, however, can in no way admit of comparison with that shown to us by the inhabitants of San Sebastian. In the latter place, each family in which the officers were billeted did every thing in their power to evince their kindliness of feeling, and though, in not a few instances, such testimony proceeded from that class of persons in whom the refinements of life could scarcely be looked for, still the sentiment was profoundly ingrafted. In Bilbao it has been different. What families have been compelled to accord, they have accorded, but nothing more. There have been exceptions to the general remark, of course, but not many. The indifference of the Bilbao people may, however, be attributed, in a great degree, to the length of the siege they have sustained, (nearly two years at intervals,) during which privation, and anxiety, and long disappointed hope, may have conduced to merge their more generous impulses in an impure and selfish regard for their own interests alone.

September 22nd.—In the absence of matter of military interest, it may not be malapropos to introduce a few observations as to Spanish life, such as it has hitherto been unveiled to us. The town of Bilbao itself is essentially mercantile, and the inhabitants, with the exception of the authorities and families of the military leaders, wholly of that caste of society. Tertullias, or evening meetings, at their respective houses, during which dancing is occasionally introduced, seem to constitute their chief amusement. There is also a rather decent theatre, which appears of recent construction, and is commodiously situated at the extremity of the well-shaded public promenade of the *Arenal*—the *quartier par excellence* of Bilbao. At this theatre, (which is about equal in size with the Surrey, and neatly fitted up, the Governor's box, surmounted with the arms of Spain, being placed in the centre, and immediately fronting the stage,) operas are given once, sometimes twice, a week. Of the merit of these I do not feel myself competent to speak, but the acting of the performers may, on the whole, be pronounced

tolerably fair for a provincial town in the north of Spain. The best proof of this is the favorable manner in which the opera is generally received, and the crowded state of the house. Their comedies, however, are poor and spiritless pieces of composition; too much dialogue, and little or no action,—that little without point. But I beg pardon, I must except one instance at least, in which point enough, and of no common character, was exhibited, a night or two ago. The first piece, as far as it was suffered to proceed, seemed to have no other aim than the development of the felicitously imagined point, at the conclusion of which, it was, much to the surprise of the author, suddenly arrested in progress. The pith of the story was this:—A young lady, desirous of punishing a pert Lothario, calls upon him and requests the loan of his clothes, in order to disguise her for some particular object. The gentleman very politely consents, and after his visitor has inducted herself in his hat, coat, and waistcoat, unceremoniously proceeds to remove that part of his dress, the very name of which, in

England, gives so much shame to "Ladies ears polite." In this plight he is surprised by several friends of the lady, hidden for the purpose. A shout of applause followed this unequivocal action from the Spanish *canaille*, but in justice to the better portion of the audience, it must be admitted that these latter manifested their disapproval of the wretched taste of such an introduction, in a manner so marked, that the piece was, after one or two ineffectual attempts to proceed, wholly withdrawn. What followed was quite as repugnant, and infinitely more absurd. It was a sort of ballet, the figurans and figurantes in which were inmates of a mad-house, whose deplorable eccentricities were sought to be illustrated by a variety of the most grotesque and revolting movements, the only tendency of which could be to convey a sense of deep pain and humiliation to the mind of the spectator. The same proper feeling which had prompted the suppression of the former gross piece, came once more to the rescue of the reputation for good taste, of the better portion of the audience, and the mon-

strosity was curtailed of its hideous proportion by the loud hissing which stifled it in its birth, and amid which the curtain fell upon it for ever. I never quitted a theatre more disgusted, or dissatisfied with myself for having visited it; so much had this caricature of human infirmity, in its most degraded state, pained and offended me.

September 24th.—Nothing yet contemplated, as to change of position. The General is, no doubt, wisely resolved not to attempt a movement until his force shall be of a number, and of an efficiency, to leave no question of success, whenever he may deem it prudent to advance upon the route leading to Vitoria, which all concur in believing to be our ultimate destination for the winter. Heaven knows there is little enough of attraction in Bilbao, to induce a desire of continuance within its walls, even putting aside the anxiety one, as a soldier, must entertain, to enter upon the more active duties in which we have all embarked. Previously to our arrival here, we had been taught to look upon it as a sort of

"promised land;" but we have been wofully disappointed. There is, literally speaking, no society in the place. The men, who are indolent to a proverb, spend their nights and days (those hours only which are devoted to meals excepted) in the cafés, where smoking, chattering, (that is the word) cards, billiards, and dominos, form their invariable and eternal pastime. As for the women, their only care, after marriage, seems to be to "suckle fools and chronicle sour wine"—the former, in so open a manner, as to inspire the most profound disgust in an Englishman. I have seen the wife of a principal inhabitant of Bilbao repeatedly send for her squalling brat, and, without apology or the slightest concern, expose her breast, without moving from the table, and give the young savage its food. I certainly had already been a little initiated into the "domestic manners of the Biscayans," or I could not have stood this familiar exhibition, without some demonstration of the feeling it excited. But a three months acquaintance with Spanish domestic habits, which would compel the most fastidious man alive to

sink many of his nicer feelings in a prudent desire to make the best of circumstances, enabled me to endure such infliction, until, in the end, it became matter of course.

Mrs. Trollope, in her account of America, (by the bye she is much wanted in Spain) inveighs loudly and justly against the practice of spitting among the men;—what would she say were she here, where *crachades* (to use a significant French word) come not less frequently from the chests of the women, than from those of the men. It is no unusual thing, while passing through the streets, mayhap in full dress uniform, to find one's chako, or coat, defiled by a descending *crachade*, and then, on looking up with a curse on the lip and anger in the eye, to discover in the offender some pretty woman (whom we should as soon have suspected of murder, had we not known the habits of her country) glancing down upon us from her *balcon*, with all the indifference arising from an unconsciousness of having done any thing in the slightest degree unusual or wrong—*à chaque pays ses habitudes*. Thank God

this is not one of ours—Oh, England! what do thy daughters not gain in the estimation of thy sons, when chance or inclination, or a desire of change, induces the latter to roam in search of the novelties of other climes. The dark and brightly beaming eye—the long and luxuriant hair—and the voluptuous form, may be found, it is true; but where that which gives transendent lustre to the whole, and without which those attributes are nought! Delicacy,—fair word, exclusively English in thine origin, however thou may'st have been adopted in term by the stranger —thou art, indeed, that sublime characteristic, which elevates the Englishwoman so much above the sex of other lands, as to give to the homage we yield her, almost the character of deification!

September 25th.—This day we march to St. Mames's convent, distant about a mile and a half from Bilbao, and the same from which the Carlists made their first attack upon the English flag. The 1st regiment, under Colonel Kirby, have occupied it since the arrival of the Legion

here, and, after three weeks service, they are to be relieved by us, who have always had the good luck to be sent upon out-post duty;—no matter, any change from Bilbao is not to be regretted.

September 30th.—"The devil is not so black as he is painted." There are worse places than St. Mames, notwithstanding all the evil report conveyed to us of it by the officers of the 1st. It is true we have no furniture in our rooms beyond a rude table and chair, (in some not even these) but we have, at least, the advantage of being united; which, in Bilbao, and dispersed as we were in billets, was utterly out of the question. Few things tend more to the subversion of military discipline, than the separation of men and officers in quarters, and this, in a newly raised corps,—where it is necessary that all that has been acquired, should be well retained—ought especially to be avoided. St. Mames has been well fortified. The windows have been walled up, leaving intestices only for musketry, and the whole of the building is defended, in its

most accessible points, by a strong wall with loop-holes. Being an exposed quarter, we draw in our piquets and sentries at night; but to any three Carlist battalions, who may venture to disturb us in our den, we may safely shew our teeth. "

While on the subject of convents, one cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary change which seems to have been effected on the minds of Spaniards in the north, in all matters appertaining to religion. It is true that the principal churches are held sacred, and the rules of their religion celebrated in them with all the "pomp and circumstance" of the olden time; but even these are attended only by the aged part of the community, on whom the liberal spirit of freedom has failed to take effectual hold; and by whom the disfranchisement from monastic tyranny seems to be looked upon less as a blessing than a curse. In nine instances out of ten, however, it will be found that the desecration of the churches becomes a matter of inferior moment, when the urgency of the hour demands it. A vast number have every

where, throughout the revolted provinces, been converted into barracks for the troops, while the numerous convents, with scarcely a single exception, have been turned into fortifications, for which, with trifling aid from the engineer, they are most peculiarly adapted. But were these evidences insufficient to testify the indifference of the public on all matters of the sort, a more positive proof might be had in the comparatively utter absence of the monks themselves, most of whom disliked, and hated, and feared, have been compelled to flee and link their fates with that of Don Carlos.

By the way it appears that this latter has just done the Virgin Mary the honor to appoint her generallissimo of his army; no doubt the better to accomplish the defeat of the British Auxiliary heretics! If following, in some degree, the example of his brother, of blessed memory, he condescends to make a pair of boots for her, I would recommend that the workmanship be strong, for if she is to head his army through these mountain-passes, she will find it severe work for the feet I can promise her!

Sorozo, October, 3rd.—No rest for the wicked. Yesterday, after a long and fatiguing march upon the hills, an order arrived to send two companies of ours down to this outpost to support the rifles, recently arrived. This is being detached from the detached with a vengeance; and that too, just at the moment when we were beginning to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit at St. Mames's. The furniture of my room, which is cold and bleak as a barn, is not likely to incommode me much. Chairs *none*; tables *none*; bedsteads *none*; but plenty of room, thank the stars, to swing the cat with which I had the foresight to provide myself before leaving San Sebastian. On the whole, I am better off than my brother Captain, whose only window has two panes of glass broken in it, while mine are fortunately sound. How we are to mess heaven knows. To day we may have some chance for a meal, as we dine with the commanding officer of the rifles, the Baron de Rottenburg, under whose father I served in Canada, during the late war, when he must have been quite a child. Such is

the lottery of life; the Baron is a Lieutenant-Colonel, and I a humble Captain. Not, be it understood, that this is said with a shadow of invidiousness, for Colonel de Rottenburg's reputation as an excellent officer, and an excellent fellow as well, had already preceded him here.

St. Mames's, October 15th.—Once more are we here, after an absence of a fortnight, during which we have had marchings and counter-marchings upon the hills without end, yet unfortunately without once encountering a Carlist. There is something very dispiriting and discouraging in going out day after day in the expectation of an affair, and yet as often returning to our respective barracks without even getting sight of an enemy. The men feel the disappointment much; for, wanting the excitement of action to sustain them, they are necessarily more sensible of fatigue. There is one comfort;—it cannot always be thus.

October 18th. — A melancholy circumstance occurred last night at Soroza, the barracks I have so recently quitted. An officer of the Rifles

returning home from Bilbao by the road which runs parallel with the river, got into the ferry-boat with his servant, by whom he was accompanied, and, while in the act of sculling her across, lost his balance, and fell overboard. It would appear that he made no struggle, uttered no cry for assistance, nor indeed was he seen again to rise to the surface. The alarm was instantly given by his terrified servant, and presently the shore was crowded with officers and soldiers, bearing torches, and hastening to the rescue of their unfortunate comrade. But although the men plunged and dived in every direction, exhibiting the most eager anxiety to possess themselves of the body, their exertions proved unavailing, and after a long and fruitless search, they were compelled to abandon it as hopeless. This morning the corpse was discovered; it was that of a young officer, (Robinson by name,) who had already rendered himself a great favorite with the regiment, and was held in high esteem by his colonel. He is said to be the son of an old officer in the British service, and one of a large family. How

deep will be their grief, less at the matter, than the manner of his death. To have lost him in the field of action, fighting gallantly in defence of the cause he had embraced, would have brought with it its proud solace—the consciousness that he had fallen in the path of glory; but cut off thus prematurely, and before the opportunity of distinguishing himself had arrived, the bitterness of disappointed hope will be upon their hearts; and time alone can be expected to remove the blight.

Oliveaga, October 20th.—This village being nearly opposite to St. Mames, I have taken lodgings here for the present, although Heaven knows how long we shall remain. Oliveaga is a pretty village, situate on the banks of the river Marbionne, which all the way from Portagalette, a distance of two Spanish leagues, commands the most lovely views. Its course is sinuous, narrow, but deep, affording navigation, to Bilbao, of ships of considerable dimensions. The Saracen, English man-of-war-brig, is lying at anchor opposite my lodging; and astern of her, a French man-of-war,

schooner. The rake and trim of this latter is exceedingly good; she looks formed for sailing. One would almost imagine her the Yankee vessel that sailed so fast, as to cut a whale in two in her course! The officers are on the most friendly terms with ours.

The patrona of my lodging recounted some interesting anecdotes of the siege of Bilbao, all corroborative of the utter destitution of the Carlists, and the horrors of a civil war. Among others, the following:—During the time the enemy were in possession of Oliveaga, they suffered the country people to go into Bilbao with articles of provision for the inhabitants; the Bilbaoans, on the other hand, admitting of merchandize, &c., being taken out, (a curious mode of warfare) to the Carlists. These reciprocal exchanges took place at an early hour in the morning, before hostilities were renewed. It happened there were two cousins, very fond of each other, but enlisted on opposite sides. The Christino, knowing his relation to be near, and being anxious to see him, availed himself of this permission, and

went out one morning to a preconcerted interview. On approaching each other, they mutually put aside their arms, and the Carlist asked the Christino if he would embrace him. This was not denied, and while the Christino enfolded him in his arms, he perceived that his cousin trembled much. He inquired the cause, when the other, bursting into tears, replied, "that he was very unhappy, being in a state of utter destitution, without shirt, or shoes, as might be perceived. He then solicited a few sous and some cigars; upon which the Christino remonstrated with him on the impolicy of his conduct, in serving the rebels, offering at the same time to take him back with him into Bilbao, where he would be well received, and comfortably treated. But the Carlist rejected every overture of the kind, saying, that he had pledged his allegiance to Don Carlos, and suffer what he might, he would not desert his cause. This was a fine trait in the character of the youth:—neither of the cousins were more than sixteen years of age.

CHAPTER III.

MARCH FROM BILBAO—LEAVE PORTAGALETTE FOR CASTRO—ROMANTIC CHARACTER OF THE MARCH DESCRIBED—LEGION FIRED UPON BY BANDITTI—ROUTE FROM CASTRO TO LIMPIAS—PLUNDER COMMITTED BY PART OF THE LEGION—PUNISHMENT BY THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, AND HIS REMARKS THEREON—MARCH TO VILLA SANTE OVER LOS TORNOS—GRANDEUR OF THE COUNTRY—MARCH TO MEDINA DEL POMAR—COUNTRY BECOMES LESS MOUNTAINOUS—REACH ONA—ITS PASS DESCRIBED—SUPPER OF THE STAFF AT THE RICH MONASTERY OF ONA—ARRIVE AT BRIVIESKA—REMARKS OF THE AUTHOR UPON THE NATURE AND CONDUCT OF THE MARCH.

Portagalette, October 30th.—After many days devoted to long marches on the neighboring hills, the better to inure the men to the important one they were intended definitively to make, the Legion this day commenced its route for Vitoria, by a road, the selection of which, for the reasons which follow, will, more than any thing else, refute the charges, of indiscretion and undue

exposure of his force, so impertinently brought against Lieutenant-General Evans, by the enemies of the Spanish expedition at home.

Accurate information having been received at head quarters, that the Carlists had thrown fourteen battalions into position, with a view to dispute our advance upon Vitoria, the original intention of moving by the main road was abandoned, and the narrow and difficult passes bordering on the sea adopted for route as far as Castro; at which point it is purposed to turn off into the main road, and thus leaving the enemy on our left, to defeat the object he has in view—that of preventing our junction with the army of Cordova.

Preceded by several battalions of Spaniards, among whom we were glad to perceive the gallant regiment of Fernando, and the Africans, as well as our old friends the Chapelgorris of San Sebastian, the whole of the eleven regiments of the Legion (including the Rifles) this morning quitted Bilbao, favored by as brilliant a sun, and as beautiful weather, as ever marked the autumn

of a more southern clime. It was truly a picturesque sight to behold the long line of troops, English and Spanish, as they wound, accompanied by a host of baggage mules and horses, along the banks of the river from Bilbao to Soroza, at which point the route took a direction more into the interior, until we finally reached this place, where we are bivouacked for the night.

Castro, November 1st.—Yesterday we moved through a country remarkable only for its wildness of aspect, and the rugged nature of its passes. But that part of the road—romantic and picturesque throughout—which principally attracted, from a boldness approaching to savageness, rose upon the view towards twilight, when, having completed the dull and difficult ascent of a stupendous ridge of rock, each brigade found itself, in succession, suddenly threading a pass bordering on the very verge of a cliff overhanging the sea, and recalling to memory some of the strongest outlines of Swiss scenery. One false step of a horse or mule, and both animal and

rider must, in many parts, have been precipitated down the fearful abyss; and when one reflects on the long line of heavily-laden, much-jaded mules and horses that moved between the respective brigades, it really affords matter for surprise, that not one of the number should have met with accident of the kind:—nor was this point the only one that teemed with danger. For several miles, until we finally reached Castro, (a small seaport town, remarkable only for the imposing appearance of its sea-girt, rock-based castle, at which it was purposed we should halt for the night,) this rocky verge, the pathway along which could only with difficulty be distinguished at that advanced hour, offered the same natural obstacles, with the additional evil of its being an alternation of steep ascent and descent, rendering each footfall of the horses, a movement pregnant with danger to their riders. Once, while cautiously leading my tired and timid animal, I lost my own footing, and went tumbling down one of those descents, expecting every moment to feel my horse's hoofs upon my head. But he,

more fortunate, or more careful than his master, kept his ground, and calmly waited until I rejoined him.

On the whole, the day's route, while fatiguing and annoying to a degree, was not without interest, from the romantic character of the scenery. Nor was the line of march itself by any means a poor feature in that interest. On leaving Portagalette, I had been appointed to the quarter-master-general's department, and, as in the course of the day I had frequent occasion to drop to the rear, the chapter of accidents peculiar to a long line of march, through a rugged and broken country, and by an army newly organized, and as yet little inured to a service of the sort, was fully revealed to me. Here were to be seen stragglers dragging their wearied and stiffened legs after them, and cursing the knapsacks which, although containing their all in this world, they would willingly have consigned in deed, as they did in word, not to her most catholic majesty from whom they had received them, but to his most satanic majesty, who

took more interest, perhaps, in themselves, than their kits;—while others—some with a natural, some with an efforced wit—jeered at the grumblers, thus seeking to sustain their own sinking strength and spirits by an outward mockery, which the inward man denied—until, in the end, both the grumbler and the jeerer sat side by side upon the road, and yielded to the imperative necessity of rest, which exhausted nature demanded.

In one place the eye rested upon some unfortunate soldier's wife, from whom pain and fatigue amounting almost to exhaustion, had drawn tears of bitterness, as her swollen feet carefully met the ground, and her anxious gaze bent itself on the far distance, as if to discover the haven of rest which was to terminate her sufferings for the day. In another, the same description of character presented itself, but armed with an energy that seemed to put bodily pain at defiance. Along the rugged road passed by the army this day, one woman — young, and of interesting appearance, walked the whole way, shoeless and with

shrinking feet; and yet, to the close, there was a cheerfulness of manner about her that touched one more, efforced, as I saw it was, to encourage her husband, than all the tears that were shed by her less uncomplaining copartners in suffering.

These, with the blocking up of the narrow lanes by frequent upsettings of baggage, wretchedly packed upon their respective beasts of burden,—the oaths of the servants in consequence,—and their squabbles with the loquacious muleteers, formed the principal features in the ground that separated the brigades—which latter, taken again at a single coup-d'œil from some prominent point in the line of march—their bright arms glittering in the sun as they wound along the road—lent an invigorating air of action to the scene, which rather added to, than took from, the sublimity of its wildness. The portion of the country we passed through this day, was known to be infested by banditti of desperate character; and it was apprehended that if our stragglers fell not by the hands of any roving parties of Carlists, their destruction would be equally certain of accom-

plishment by these people. As the day drew towards its close, the number of men who fell out, and threw themselves, absolutely worn out with fatigue, along the road side, visibly increased, and I could not but feel, and deplore as I passed them by, that they were doomed through their own mere helplessness to the bullet of a Carlist or a bandit—or, if possibly escaping these, to the knives of the very peasants themselves.

Except in two instances, however, we are not yet aware that such apprehension has been borne out by results. In the cases of exception, two stragglers were shot by bullets from a distance; one receiving a wound in his thigh, the other in some other part of his body. How they escaped closer collision with their enemies I am at a loss to understand. But these were not the only evidences of the proximity of a lurking and assassin foe. Mr. Thynne, of the commissariat, having occasion to detach himself in advance of his brigade, suddenly came upon a ruffian who was in the act of stripping a soldier's child, that by some accident had been left quite in rear of the pre-

ceding brigade. He immediately called to him to desist, when the bandit, deliberately quitting the child, seized and presented his musket. Mr. Thynne had no other alternative than to fly for his life. On his return at the head of the brigade no one was to be seen;—but more than this, the fellows had the audacity to fire several shots upon the Rifles, who led the advance, which attack, however, ended in the loss of two of their party.

These banditti are men whose original occupation was that of workmen in the iron mines, which greatly abound in this part of the country. They are alike feared by Carlists and Christinos; plundering and burning wherever they show themselves, and perpetrating every other description of outrage.

Having been detained for some time in the rear of the last brigade that entered Castro, I did not perform the closing league of the march until past eight o'clock, and I was then utterly alone. The road lay along a ridge of rock that reverberated my horse's footfall in a most alarming manner, while my figure was thrown into bold

relief against the sea that murmured in the distance, so that any one, hostilely disposed, might have picked me off from the dark rocks on my left, with perfect ease and without hazard. As this part was said to be one of the principal haunts of the banditti, I confess I did not feel at all comfortable until I had joined the brigade in front, which seemed to be much farther off than it actually was.

Limpias, November 2nd.—Yesterday we resumed our march along the high road leading from Castro to Balmaceda; but a heavy rain coming on, and the General being apprehensive in consequence of a long line of stragglers, indication of which had already been given, a retrogade movement was ordered, after the first brigade had accomplished about a league and a half of the route. It moreover appearing to the General that a direct advance along the high road leading to Balmaceda, would in a great degree cut off his communication with Espartero, who led the Spanish troops, and greatly expose his flanks, he at once resolved on abandoning

the road to Balmaceda, and pursuing the difficult passes leading to Oña, on the Ebro, in the direction of Burgos. Two of the brigades were pushed forward on the same day to Viesca; while the remainder of the Legion occupied their respective quarters of the preceding evening at Castro. From Castro they moved this day, and across a district so mountainous that, perhaps there is no instance on record of English troops having ever accomplished an equally arduous march. Having been sent to Lerida by water, on particular duty, I was at once spared the fatigue, and deprived of the beauty of the ascent of one of the most elevated mountains of Spain; but the reports of all concur in ascribing to the view, a sublimity and grandeur without parallel, even as the difficulties surmounted were of the most trying character:—yet was I not altogether without my gratification—even participation in the scene. From the sea—as the small boat in which I was embarked, moved slowly on—I could distinctly command a view of the whole ascent, and imposing in truth was the

sight. The eye embraced the continuous line of troops, followed and preceded by their baggage-mules, winding up an extent of little less than a league, until they finally and successively reached the highest point of elevation, where their forms and glittering arms, thrown into bold relief against a cloudless sky, formed a picture in itself as instinct with interest as with life. At length the scene faded like a closing panorama from my view, and I beheld no more than a confused mass of moving atoms, resembling rather the serpentine march of an army of ants, than one of human beings. Many a poor fellow was knocked up on this occasion, and even at the late hour at which I make this note, numbers are coming in to head quarters, jaded and harrassed, and unable to gain their respective regiments.

Limpias, November 3rd.—This day has been devoted to a rest which the long march of yesterday had rendered absolutely indispensable, Yet has it not been an unimportant one—a good deal of disorganization had, as in most situations of the sort, crept in among the soldiery, who seemed

to fancy that a relaxation from discipline was, in some degree, their claim in compensation for the toils of the march. In this however, they have been undeceived. Several men of two regiments, billeted at some distance from head quarters, having been guilty of plunder, complaint was made to the Lieutenant-General, who, on riding up to the cantonment with a view to institute inquiry into the case, caught a party in the very act of plundering a house, the inmates of which were screaming loudly for assistance. A drum-head court martial was instantly assembled, and while the General rode on to the other offending regiment, the culprits were severally flogged. Returning to this corps, he addressed them in a speech not more remarkable for its fluency than its point. He said that he had never been an advocate for corporal punishment; but as the service in which we were embarked, rendered it imperative that the strictest order and discipline should be preserved, to prevent those we were come to aid as friends, from looking upon us as enemies, he was determined to have recourse to

it. He reminded them, that in the Peninsular war, when the Spaniards were equally our friends and allies, similar acts of aggression had been punished by the Duke of Wellington, by instant hanging at the first tree; but as he himself did not wish to adopt so severe and summary a measure, he would, for the present, content himself with the minor punishment they had just witnessed, until a perseverance in such gross misconduct should render it indispensable for him to award the higher.

Next addressing the officers, to whom he seemed to attach some blame,—the outrage having taken place within the limit of the cantonment—he said it was possible that some had come out with a sincere desire to make themselves acquainted with the service, and the duties required by it; while the object of others might have been to spend a year or two agreeably in the capacity of military tourists. With the private views of these latter he had nothing to do, neither would he inquire into them. But he had every thing to do with their conduct as officers, while in the service, and

the strictest attention to their respective duties. If, he hinted, there were those who thought that service too fatiguing, and too little in accordance with the ideas they had originally entertained of it, nothing could be more simple than to disembarrass themselves of their charge. After expressing a hope that the examples of that day would prove a suitable warning to the men, and that he should not again have occasion to find fault with a corps which had previously ranked high in his esteem, he concluded with an *argumentum ad hominem*, which, with many of the soldiers, no doubt, was the most forcible part of his address; and which could not have failed to leave a lasting impression on their minds—namely, that the amount of spoliation should be charged against the respective companies of those implicated.

Villa Sante, November 4th.—This is surely an extraordinary country. Each day seems to bring with it fresh matter for wonder and interest. I had fancied the march to Castro, and that from Castro to Limpias to have been such as to exhaust all one's stock of admiration of the scenes

traversed, but both sink into comparative nothingness, after that which the army has accomplished this day. It would be difficult to create to the imagination of whomsoever has not beheld it, a true mirror of the realities of the wild scenery through which we moved, and which in itself was sufficient to repay us for all our fatigue. Now the army wound its way through the fertile bosom of some rich valley, whose treasures were enclosed, as with a gigantic wall, by immense masses of mountain crag, the barren white and precipitous sides of which presented a bold and striking contrast with the verdant meadows at their feet:—now it issued from the heart of that valley, winding its course up the steep sides of some tall mountain, from the summit of which the eye looked achingly down upon the pigmy world below—and the wearied and panting soldier asked wonderingly of himself, how he had accomplished the ascent?

It was along this line of road alone that interruption from the Carlists was to be apprehended, for it abounds in passes of defence which an army,

worn down by incessant toil, would have found difficulty in carrying. Once, and for nearly half a league, our route lay through one of these passes, bounded on the right by a precipice of many hundred feet of perpendicular descent, and on the left by a tall crag, nearly musket-shot in height, the bold yet regular sides of which assimilated it rather to some tower of strength, the work of human hands, than the sport of capricious Nature, who has scattered her grandeur over these remarkable provinces with so unsparing a hand. Fifty Carlists, placed upon the summit of that crag, might have annihilated our whole Legion, had the latter persisted in the advance; and *that* without resorting to other means of destruction than fragments of the rock itself, while every attempt of their enemies to reach and punish them, must have been met with unconcern, and baffled with scorn.

But even this spot, fearful as it was, fell into insignificance, and was thought of no more, when, towards the close of the day, we found ourselves on the extreme summit of Los Tornos,

a mountain which it took me nearly an hour to ascend on horseback, although on a perfectly good and open road. Here, indeed, was a concentration of the sublime and beautiful. Far before and around rose a succession of mountains, some of which we had previously passed; and which, *then* apparently of great elevation, *now* seemed scarcely worthy the designation. A rich and extensive valley, which, from the great height at which it was viewed, seemed one large patch of alternate corn-field and pasture, spread itself like a carpet of many colors at the base; and as the eye wandered to the long interminable chain of mountains beyond, rising amphitheatrically each above the other, it rested on the favorite and familiar haunts of those we had by skilful combination and good generalship so successfully avoided.

On reaching the top of Los Tornos, I lingered for a few minutes to gratify both heart and eye with an uninterrupted view of the vast world of mountains and vallies from which I had just been emancipated, and into a region so cold that I was

glad to draw the folds of my cloak more closely around me. At this point I found Jauregui, accompanied by his staff, leaning over a parapet that overlooked the abyss. Even in him, to whom such scenes of grandeur could not be new, the imposing prospect had evidently called up feelings of wonderment and admiration, for he seemed as intent on the contemplation, and as much interested in the view, as I was myself. More than once here, and at the pass first described, did the difficulty and boldness of the ascent remind me of the passage of the Alps by Napoleon; and indeed I much question if that far-famed movement was executed over ground more wild or precipitous than that we have this day, thank Heaven, left completely behind us. The only features of similitude wanting were the ice and snow, the latter of which we beheld, on arriving at the summit of Los Tornos, on some low mountains in the distance.

The apex of this stupendous mountain gained, we were free from all danger from a lurking and insidious foe, for we entered upon a totally dis-

similar class of country, and could defy all the efforts of the Carlists to withstand our onward progress. So impressed did the General appear to be of this fact, and of the necessity of attaining this object, that he lingered in the rear of the closing brigade, until the last man had come up. Then only, and at a late hour, did he hasten to this village, selected as head-quarters for the night; where the satisfaction he could not fail to entertain at the successful transit of his army over the most exposed and dangerous part of the march, must have amply compensated for the absence of all comfort that awaited him in the rudest billet into which he or any other general-in-chief had ever yet, perhaps, the ill fortune to be thrust. As for mine—*n'en parlons pas—mais à la guerre comme à la guerre.* Two brigades are bivouacked in the open air, and their appearance is truly picturesque, the light of their cheerful fires casting that of a very brilliant full moon, completely into the shade. To listen to their sounds of merriment, one would scarcely imagine they were the same men who had

accomplished the toilsome march which they have done this day.

Medina del Pomar, November 5th.—A visible change in the aspect of the country during this day's route—the mountains are seen only in the far distance, and the intermediate space is dotted with rich fields and pastures, with flocks of sheep and goats, and with droves of mules and horned cattle; in short, with every thing that tells of industry in a land not immediately laboring under the afflictions arising from a state of civil feud. We reached this place—a rude old Moorish town, equidistant from Santander, Bilbao, and Vitoria, at an early hour.

Oña, November 7th.—Were it a fact, as the General hinted the other day, that certain officers of the Legion had come out simply with a view to a party of pleasure, and rather in the character of tourists than soldiers, their excuse might have been found in the scene witnessed yesterday. After two leagues of march through an open country, the army came suddenly upon the banks of the Ebro, associated with which are so many interesting

recollections connected with military history. It would be vain to attempt to convey a just idea of the majestic-savage grandeur of its principal gorges. When I entered them, I was alone, totally detached from the thousands who yet lingered in my rear, and the better enabled, perhaps, from that circumstance, to absorb myself in the scene. There was a solemnity about the aspect of the whole sufficient to inspire awe, even at the most peaceful epoch; and now, when the possibility, that behind some projecting rock lurked a Carlist guerilla, or one of Merino's bandit party, whom we had reason to suppose at no great distance from us, suggested itself to the imagination, a feeling,—not of fear, since fear would not have encountered the hazard,—but of interest, was created, commensurate with the gloom and loneliness of the spot. But though lonely, it was not noiseless. Here and there the otherwise placid river, choked in its progress by masses of rock detached from the mountain, which had formed their bed within its bosom, forced its way angrily over the intruders, and sent the hollow echo of its

fall startlingly upon the ear. But even this sound was full of gloom, and came rather as the disturbed spirit of the wild, than the enlivening murmur of the merry waterfall. The most imposing of these passes, (and indeed what part of the whole route along the Ebro is not imposing,) is that which takes its name from Oña, and is celebrated for the extinction of a French column, by the guerillas, during the peninsular war;—and later, for its defence, by a handful of Carlists, against a considerable body of the Queen's army. So much for our passage of the Ebro, which, I believe, it had been prophesied by our enemies at home, we should never reach.

Mid-day brought us to Oña, where we, for the first time, saw our cavalry; a division having a few hours previously arrived from Santander. Here it was that we had an opportunity of witnessing, and in no mean scale, the exemplification of that grinding system of the church in Spain, and that rich endowment of her revenues, at the expense of an *abruti* and bigotted peasantry, so universally, and, it would seem, so truly

ascribed to her. The village of Oña is perhaps nowhere to be surpassed in meanness and poverty; and yet within its heart stands imbedded, and has stood imbedded for centuries, a monastery that might form a palace for an eastern emperor,—a tower of strength in its external appearance; it covers an extent of nearly two acres of ground, and throughout its vast interminable cells or rather rooms, and corridors, and courts, might have afforded accommodation for the whole Legion, artillery and cavalry not excepted. To this convent moreover are appended fourteen leagues of territory, the property of the monks. "Oh, religion! thou art in truth a comfortable sort of occupation.

In justice to the government, it must be admitted that we found the monks, some forty or fifty in number, exclusively of the lay brethren, on the eve of a general *dêroute*,—their term of occupation having expired this very day. It might have been this circumstance, or a desire to conceal all evidence of their real personal wealth, and luxurious mode of living, that caused them to

afford the scanty fare they did last night to the officers of the staff; but certainly there was little to bear out the highly colored accounts given by our romance writers and tourists as to their pampered habits. None of the monks (the abbot, by the way, was said to be a prisoner), made their appearance in the refectory, and the lay brethren, with but indifferent good will, served us with a fare not much to be exceeded in frugality in any age or clime. The first course was a sort of *sopa* or *potâge*, in which bread *à la Française* was a principal ingredient. This was eaten with wooden spoons;—next succeeded a description of *bouillé*, served in a rude tin platter, and most comfortably ensconced within a circular ridge of beans;—after this came small portions of boiled mutton, which, in their turn, gave way to a dry insipid sort of fish, eaten by those who could endure the nauseous stuff, with very bad oil. Some excellent bread—the best we had tasted in the country, lent a *gusto* to the whole. Wine, of a poor description, was poured from a skin, in one corner of the room, into our rude goblets, and for dessert we had

apples and walnuts, which two lay brethren took from large baskets, and placed in as much profusion before each guest, as if they had been fattening so many pigs for their autumnal market. And this—the whole served up in utensils, the uncleanliness of which might have fairly called for animadversion from an *habitué* of St. Giles's, constituted the evening repast of a set of half famished men, much too eager for the matter to feel disposed to quarrel with the manner:—and the cheer did restore us, for when we had emptied each dish of its contents, and filled our last goblet with sour wine, *la cigare en bouche*, we made the walls of the old refectory resound with many a hearty laugh and spirited jest, at the expense of the holy fathers.

One of the most amusing passages, connected with the supper, was that of a whole troop of Chapelgorris acting in the capacity of waiters; one who knew them not would have wondered at their unsolicited, yet active, service on officers not their own, and yet it required no very nice discrimination to perceive that their attendance

was not altogether of the most disinterested kind. They certainly brought us all that the kitchen afforded, but so in proportion was their gain. Not a scrap of meat or bread ever found its way out of the refectory. What was left on the plates or dishes was at once consigned to their ample pockets, whither the contents of one or two platters, designed for us, had already preceded these fragments, without arriving farther than the small window connecting the refectory with the kitchen.

Nor was their talent in the wine department less actively displayed. Several officiated as butlers, and every time that a tankard was sent to be replenished for the officers, those who kept the skin contrived to convey an equal quantity into the canteens of their comrades. And yet this pilfering was done so openly—so barefacedly, that, instead of calling forth anger or displeasure, it but created amusement. Such are the Chapelgorris wherever they go, and a Spanish peasant, I do believe, would quite as soon see the devil enter his village, as a party of these light-fingered

gentry. At Bilbao, where they were for a short period, the inhabitants had an absolute horror of them; and yet they are the most cheerful, perhaps the bravest, and certainly the best countenanced men I have seen, of the whole Spanish army.

Such was our repast in the refectory of the monastery of Oña, which from its endless corridors, and cells, and court-yards, and subterranean passages, could not fail to call up to the recollection of several, Mrs. Ratcliffe's well known Mysteries of Udolpho,—an assimilation which acquired greater force and truth from the romantic and banditti-favoring country we had passed through that day along the banks of the Ebro.

After an execrable night's lodging on the naked floor of one of the principal rooms of the convent, I took advantage of a temporary delay in the march to visit the chapel and sacristic. The former is of a gorgeousness commensurate with the vast extent and general richness of the whole building; and the latter, handsomely decorated, is filled with scriptural subjects and

portraits by the best masters. I could have coveted a peep into the holy fathers' best wine cellar (and I had heard there was such) after this visit to the chapel, but access to the one I found to be more easy of attainment than to the other.—Breakfast was equally denied me, so that I was even driven to that fountain of all good things—the kitchen — where another hungry subject joined me in an appeal to the cook—a squint-eyed sinner—who after vainly endeavoring to palm off some horridly gross stuff he had the audacity to call a soup,—was even compelled to allow us a portion of boiled mutton and beans, the only demerit of which, in the then state of our stomachs, we admitted to be its extreme scantiness.

Brivieska, November 10th.—Before leaving Oña, a report reached the Lieutenant-General, that Moreno was lingering in the neighborhood with one hundred and fifty of his cavalry, for the purpose of cutting off our baggage. Every due precaution was, of course, taken to guard against such a disaster, and a wing of a regiment

immediately attached to the baggage of each brigade. The day, however, passed over without incident; and, in fact, from intelligence had from several of the peasantry, the information proved to be false;—Moreno not having been seen in the neighborhood for three weeks previously. Once indeed, there seemed a chance of an affair, and I was rather sorry than not that we were disappointed. The country we were passing through was so level—not a mountain to be seen above the horizon in front—so unlike that to which we had latterly been accustomed, that we could scarcely persuade ourselves we were in the same region. I was riding in front of the baggage guard with the quarter-master-general, the brigade being at some distance in our rear, when on gaining that part of the plain which seemed most favorable to the operations of cavalry, and chancing to glance my eye upon the left, I beheld a dark column of men moving down parallel with our flank, whom, at the moment, not being able to distinguish whether they were cavalry or infantry, by reason of their great

distance, I took for the enemy, by whom we were said to be threatened. I immediately called the attention of the Quarter-Master-General to them, and with the aid of our glasses we soon made them out for a battalion of the queen's infantry, taking the route to Oña. The same impression, meanwhile, had been entertained in the rear, and the troops were formed to receive cavalry some minutes before the error was discovered. The brigades, it will be observed, moved separately, and at long intervals from each other.

On the morning of the 8th, the head quarters reached this place, the terminating point, for the present at least, of our long and laborious march; having accomplished thirty-three Spanish leagues over a country such as no army of Englishmen ever previously attempted to set foot upon.

And here, although the object of this compilation is simply a journal of occurrences, and not a formal History of the Campaign, a few observations may not be ill placed, or inapplicable to the subject.

Whether, following the mandate of the Spanish government, or acting from his own judgment, it is evident that the object of Lieutenant-General Evans, throughout, has been to avoid collision with the enemy, until his men had attained that state of discipline, and the country could afford those advantages of position, which might justify him in looking for success. The imbecile venom of a faction at home—the sworn enemies of all liberty, save the liberty of planting their own feet upon the necks of others—had induced them to revile him, and in no measured terms, for an unnecessary exposure and sacrifice of life at the affair of Hernani; whereas, as I have already shown in the early part of my notes, nothing more than a reconnoissance, which unlooked for circumstances turned into a sort of engagement, was originally intended. In this, to borrow a vulgarism, they had "their fling"—but what will those gentlemen say *now*, when they learn that by the mere effort of well combined plans, added to a knowledge as admirable as just of what an army may be made to accomplish in a case of pressing need—that

same General, whose rashness they affected to contemn—has, by the exercise of great prudence, completely baffled the projects of his enemy, throwing himself, with a loss of little more than fifty men, by casualties in the rear, and effecting a junction with Cordova.

To have remained inactive at Bilbao would have been to have nullified the very object of our coming out; while to have advanced upon Vitoria, through the mountains of Biscay, would have been to have risked the destruction of the whole Legion, by an invisible foe:—one defeat in these passes, after a third day's march, when fatigue and consequent disorganization had crept into our ranks, and we must, at once, have been annihilated and disgraced.

What in this crisis did the General? Tamely bow before the adverse circumstances which opposed themselves to his plans? No. He resolved to overcome them, and although fully aware of the difficulty and toil he must necessarily encounter, formed his resolution to conduct the army, by a circuitous route, into a country at once favorable

to his operations, and demanding his presence. How that object was effected, has already been seen. In proportion as his success has been complete, so will be the annoyance of the Carlists, and the virulence of attack of their partisans in England. The former have been essentially foiled; they had planted themselves across the Biscayan mountains, certain that no other route into the interior would have been attempted; nor once dreaming that a measure so bold—a march so tedious,—as that actually taken would ever have been resorted to by the British General; and that they continued in ignorance of this, until it was too late to prevent it if they could, is, there is reason to believe, to be ascribed to the wisdom of that General, in concealing his plans from all until the very moment of execution. Had the Carlist chiefs been apprised in due time of our movements, there can be no doubt that they would have made forced marches, and endeavored to gain the passes already alluded to, as being so capable of defence, before we could possibly reach them. But even here, the foresight of the General

rendered itself conspicuous, nor was anything left to chance. Wheresoever there was danger to be apprehended, he had his ally in Jauregui, who threw his light-footed, light-fingered Chapelgorris ever in advance upon our flanks. At Los Tornos, that truly formidable defile, where, as an Irish officer of the Legion remarked, the Carlists might have "rained rocks" upon us, all his caution was called forth; and on the summit of this mountain, a body of the Queen's cavalry remained stationed for four and twenty hours prior to our gaining it.

For the execution of this detail, he was indebted to the efficient heads of the quarter-master-general and military secretary's departments; who, from their long standing and experience in the British army, were enabled to bring with them a zeal and intelligence into the service, without which the confidence of the commander must have been shaken, and the interests of the troops in no wise benefited.

Another observation intrudes itself—unimportant as the circumstance may appear, and little as

it seems to have met with attention from military men, that part of the movement most worthy of remark, is, next to the adoption of the original line of route, the alteration of the plan of advance from Castro upon Balmaceda. Had the General considered it expedient to risk an encounter with the Carlists, with his raw forces, and having higher objects in view, it is obvious he would have done so, by a direct march from Bilbao, across the mountains, without causing his army to be put to the inconvenience and fatigue of a long and circuitous route. But as it was his object to avoid his enemy in position in the first instance, so it must have been in the last. What was essential at Bilbao, could be no less so at Balmaceda. The advance by the high road to this place must necessarily, from its direction, have brought us more immediately in the neighborhood it was our object to avoid, than the advance upon Oña; and there is every reason to assume that, when intelligence did reach the Carlist camp (as it would from their numerous friends in Bilbao) of our

actual course, their chiefs would have taken it for granted, we conceived our views to be fully attained on reaching Castro, and that we should *then* have continued our march along the high road to Balmaceda in fancied security:—sufficient time would, in that case, have been afforded them to abandon their original position, and throw themselves across our route, where, if they could not succeed in opposing our progress, they might at least annoy our flanks, and cut off our stragglers and baggage. By suddenly moving his columns in a different direction, it is fair to suppose that the British General completely, and for a second time, foiled them in their purpose; and that, while they awaited our passage by the road to Balmaceda, our troops were enabled to obtain a day, at least, in advance.

This, however well grounded it may be, is but an assumption, the correctness of which time only can elucidate. Whether the fact be so or not, one point is self-evident, and that is, that the march from Bilbao to Brivieska, by the

route actually taken, has been one of the best conducted of any ever yet undertaken by men wearing the British uniform, and as such, deserves a page in future history.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL OF CORDOVA TO MEET THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—MISERABLE APPEARANCE OF BRIVIESKA—WRETCHEDNESS OF THE INHABITANTS CONTRASTED WITH THE FINE APPEARANCE OF THE BISCAYANS AND GUIPISCOANS—SEVERE FALL OF SNOW AND EXTREME COLD IN THE MIDDLE OF NOVEMBER—REPORTED DANGER OF THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL'S BAGGAGE—A DESCRIPTION OF THE CURE MERINO—PURSUIT OF HIM BY A SPANISH DETACHMENT OF CAVALRY—VISIT TO BURGOS—RUDE RECEPTION BY THE GOVERNOR—VISIT THE CATHEDRAL—GORGEOUS BEAUTY OF ITS SCULPTURE—RETURN TO BRIVIESKA—VICTORY GAINED BY CORDOVA AT ESTELLA—AUTHOR'S LAMENTS UPON THE MODE OF CONDUCT OF THE WAR—PRIEST SHOT AT BURGOS FOR HOLDING CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE ENEMY—MODE OF BURIAL—REPORTED DANGER OF THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL'S BAGGAGE FROM ATTACK BY MERINO REFUTED.

Brivieska, November 11th.—I had omitted to mention, in its proper place, that General Evans was received on his arrival here by Cordova, who, leaving his army echelloned along the road from Vitoria to Logrono, had come over for the express

purpose of congratulating his ally on the masterly and efficient manner in which his junction with him had been effected. The meeting of these officers was one of interest, and could not fail to be full of gratification to themselves. On the morning of the 9th they went out on a tour of reconnoissance, escorted by the troop of dragoons Cordova had brought with him, and the 1st division of lancers, under Major Rait. Nothing resulted from the movement, and at a late hour of the same day Cordova returned to his army.

November 12th.—Brivieska is one of the most wretched places under the sun—the houses are miserable—the people are miserable—all they possess seems to be of the most miserable description. Of the comforts of life they have no more idea than a Hottentot, and there is an apathy of manner about them, in the midst of all their filth and meanness, which provokes and vexes even more than their poverty. The fact is, however, that a strange anomaly presents itself in all of Spain we have yet traversed. Amid the rude mountains of Biscay, where the

cultivation of the soil is limited to the occasional patches of valley that spread themselves, at intervals, few and far between, at their base; the peasantry are of sturdy, cleanly, and healthy, even characteristic, appearance; while on the other hand, in proportion as our advance has been extended into districts teeming with every evidence of fertility and richness, not only the peasantry, but the inhabitants of the towns, have universally presented the most pitiable pictures of squalid misery:—and this the more despicable, inasmuch as it springs less from want of means to remedy the evil, than from a natural indolence and inaptitude for all improvement.

November 13th.—This morning I arose benumbed with cold, which had kept me awake the greater part of the night; and on looking out of my window upon the Plaza, was for some time at a loss to conceive to what quarter of the globe I had been, as if by enchantment, conveyed during the last twelve hours. First Russia, and next Switzerland, suggested themselves to my imagination; and finally, the snows of America, amid

which I had passed a couple of campaigns in my early youth. But there was wanting the inspiriting air of liveliness, and vigorous action peculiar to the inhabitants of these climes, as well as the internal comfort to be met with in their homes. The Plaza was covered with a deep snow—the mountains in the far distance, and the tops of the houses were clothed in the same cheerless garb; and when I looked around my wretched room, and beheld nothing but a brick floor, without carpet of any description—the naked square of its walls unbroken by a fire-place—I confess I shuddered at the prospect that awaited me.

Had it been the close of December, one would not have cared so much, as each succeeding day would have brought with it the certainty of a proximate and enlivening spring. But the 13th of November only, and in Spain, to find one's self regularly imbedded in snow, and half congealed with cold, with the probability of something worse, was more than the anticipation had been prepared for. From the melancholy contemplation of my apartment, I turned my gaze again

upon the Plaza, and had already begun to derive some shadow of comfort and hope from the snug appearance of our soldiers, as they issued forth to parade in their warm great coats, apparently regardless of the weather, when that trifling consolation was taken from me, by the picture presented by the natives themselves.

Shrinking, trembling, with chattering teeth, and in a half torpid state, these latter moved through the Plaza, to their several avocations, either in their shops or in the market place, with an air of inertness that gave to the scene around an aspect even more dreary than it was. Nay, what heightened the misery still more, were the very cloaks in which all—inhabitants and peasants without exception—were inducted, to preserve them from the effects of that cold—old, tattered, threadbare—and mostly resembling in color, the "sere and yellow leaf," which tells, in language not to be misunderstood, of the unpromising advent of blear-eyed winter; these were drawn around the faces of the drooping crowd, in a manner to conceal every thing but the eyes; while,

as an additional protection, across their mouths and noses were tied handkerchiefs, remarkable for any thing but their purity of color:—the very sight of these was sufficient to petrify one.

With such a prospect before me, it is not likely that I should fail to look with some degree of despair upon my return to my miserable billet at night, after performing the duties required of me during the day. Nor was that apprehension ill-founded. After finishing a sad apology for a dinner, I am now warming both my toes and my nose over a *braziero*, which I have managed to procure, yet in which there are infinitely more ashes than coals. The window of my room is hermetically closed, to keep out as much of the cold air as possible, and a horse-cloth is placed under my chair to receive my heels—the toes resting upon the *braziero;*—my servant's regimental great coat is on my back, and yet despite all this luxury, all this comfort, I can scarcely hold the pencil that traces my note. We are allowed wood, it is true; but, alas! where are the chimnies in which to consume it? And yet these

Spaniards talk of liberty. Ye Gods! who would accord liberty to men so far besotted—so far behind all the rest of mankind, as not to know the comfort of a cheerful fire?

November 16th.—The weather still continues fearfully cold, and its effects are the more sensibly felt, inasmuch as there are no means of escaping from it. Yesterday I rode out to the villages of Camino and Quintinillia Bon, occupied by the 2nd brigade. Nothing could exceed the wretchedness of these hamlets; even the billets of the officers were of a description not to be surpassed in misery by the worst hovels in Ireland. On entering that of General Chichester, at Camino, I found him just returned from a visit to the regiment of his brigade at Quintinillia Bon, and bent nearly double over a *braziero*, shivering with the cold air that rushed in from a window which had never known the luxury of glass, yet which when closed, left the room in utter darkness. As I brought with me the change of route to San Domingo, a large town situate about seven leagues to the south-east of Brivieska, it may be

presumed I was a welcome visitor. This morning that change was effected, leaving the distribution of the Legion as follows:—1st and Light Brigades (Evans' and Reid's) Brivieska; 2nd and 4th (Chichester's and Mac Dougall's) San Domingo; 3rd (Shaw's) Villania; Cavalry—Pradanos, one league from Brivieska, with orders to move in a day or two to Burgos.

November 20th.—This evening a portion of the Lieutenant-General's baggage came in from Santander, not, however, without a reported narrow escape from capture. Guarded by a small escort, it had gained a defile through which, owing to the extreme depth of the snow, it was laboring slowly, when Merino's cavalry suddenly appeared on some distant heights, ready to pounce down, like so many hungry vultures, upon their prey. The party had given themselves up for lost, when most opportunely, two squadrons of the Queen's Hussars from Santander also, came up at the very moment when they were meditating the abandonment of the baggage. These latter immediately charged over the hills at full speed, and drove Merino

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and his party completely out of sight; after which they returned to the escort, with whom they continued until their arrival here. What a prize for the old ruffian and his gang, had they succeeded in getting hold of the gay dresses and equipments of the Lieutenant-General and his staff! It would literally have proved an exchange of "old lamps for new;" for report says they are in rags.

By the way this same Merino is as cunning as an old fox, and, although a price is set upon his head, no one has had the address to spread his toils well enough to catch him. Sometimes he conceals himself under a peasant's frock, but oftener under the cowl of a monk; and in this disguise he passes, until he has succeeded in gaining all sorts of intelligence suitable to his purpose; then issuing forth, in his veritable character of a bandit, he collects together his associates, and watching his opportunity, dashes into a village, and levies contributions upon the inhabitants, sparing or taking away life, as his humor, at the moment, may incline him. A Captain's company of Dragoons has been for two

years incessantly on the watch for him in this neighborhood, but without success. He eludes them with ease, and when they fancy they are close upon his trail in one quarter, he is committing devastation in one entirely opposite. The party of dragoons have been once or twice here in the course of their pursuit. The men are fine—their horses strong—the Captain a bold determined looking fellow, whom one would suppose neither odds nor numbers could daunt, especially when influenced by the consideration of the high price set upon the bandit's head.

November 21st.—Escorted by a party of Lancers from Pradanos, I yesterday accompanied Captain Clarke, of the quarter-master-general's department, to that celebrated scene of our almost only disaster in Spain, during the war of the Peninsular—the city of Burgos.

As we approached the place, we found the air become more and more rarified; and although the country we passed through was little intersected by mountain, so continuous was the almost imperceptible ascent, that after traversing what

might have been termed a plain throughout, we discovered on a slight rise, on the left of the road, a pillar, indicating the spot to be the most elevated of all Spain. This however would seem to be incorrect, inasmuch as, on some mountains at no great distance, we beheld snow crowning their summits, which apparently had in nowise been affected by the rays of the sun; whereas the point on which the pillar stood, and which is stated to be many hundred feet above the level of the sea, was entirely free. From this it may be inferred that the pillar is meant rather to mark the highest point of the plains of Spain, and not the mountains. It is remarkable however, that from the moment of our reaching the apex of Los Tornos, there was little or no descent perceptible. For about a league before entering Burgos on the Brivieska side, there is an immense extent of perfectly level plain, covered, the first half of the league, with beautiful turf, and admirably adapted for cavalry evolutions:—The other half is interspersed with heather and brushwood, and shrubs, chiefly the brown nut—affording cover to the

game, which is here to be met with in great abundance. In our route to and from the place, we started several hares.

On our arrival at Burgos, we immediately hastened to the quarters of the Governor, a man strongly suspected of Carlism, to whom, however, Captain Clarke had a communication from the General, requiring accommodation for the 1st Lancers, who were to follow from Pradanos on the following day. The servant who carried in Captain Clarke's demand for an audience, returned with an intimation that the Great Man was at his dinner, and we must wait where we were until he had finished. All this time we were standing in a sort of servants' hall, on the cold bricks, and without the accommodation even of a chair. A quarter of an hour of this completely exhausted our patience, and a second message was sent in, intimating that we were officers of the Legion, come on pressing duty connected with the service, and must be seen immediately. This, although it brought us not into the presence of the impolite Spaniard, procured for us admission into the body

of his apartments, where, after cooling our heels some time longer, we were ushered into the presence of the Don, whom we found smoking a pipe or hooka, and conversing on some apparently indifferent subject, with a man who had all the appearance of a peasant.

Fully determined not to suffer this supercilious conduct to pass unnoticed, Captain Clarke, before entering on the subject of his mission, proceeded to remonstrate on the want of courtesy of which the governor had been guilty, in causing officers to stand, for such a length of time, like so many lacquies, in a cold hall. The answer to this was, "Suppose I had kept you an hour;" and the consequential gentleman seemed amazingly surprised when informed it was not the custom in England for an officer, even much higher in rank than himself, to keep the youngest in the service waiting in a servant's lobby, until he had decided on the moment when he conceived he had gorged his full. But the most curious part of the affair was, that when Captain Clarke placed before him the order from the General for the accommodation of

the troops, he coolly, and in the most nonchalant manner, put it aside with his hand, as if to show that his own importance and self-dignity superseded the necessity of an immediate examination of its contents.

Such was our reception by the governor of Burgos, who, however, in all probability, will not long have the opportunity of repeating his arrogant conduct. On a very recent previous occasion he had conducted himself with the same hauteur towards some of the Legion, when a report of the circumstances having been made to Cordova, that General caused it to be intimated to his satrap that a similar proceeding would cost him his governorship. Captain Clarke has made an official report of our reception, and we shall shortly see the result.

It being late when we reached Burgos, and our return to Brivieska being fixed for an early hour this morning, I had not an opportunity of visiting the castle, a circumstance that vexed me not a little. While our horses were being saddled, we, however, took occasion to see the cathedral, yet

even here we were doomed to meet with disappointment, for it chanced to be a day when the interiors of the several chapels are closed to the visitor. Through the massive and richly wrought bars of the gates conducting to each, we saw sufficient, it is true, as we paced the tesselated corridors, to satisfy us of the gorgeous splendor of the several altar pieces, all of which are of solid bronze, richly gilt; but a close inspection of cabinet pictures, among which were some Murillos', all gems of their cast, was denied us. And yet we found no slight gratification from what we did see.

On either hand, as we moved through the aisles, rose a succession of massive columns of variegated marble; and as the eye turned upward in admiration of the lofty dome, it rested on some of the noblest efforts of the sculptor's art. What principally arrested our attention in the only part of the cathedral not shut out from minute inspection, was a series of subjects, nine in number, in alto-relievo, having reference to the trial, death, and ascension of Christ. The first in

excellence of these, and they were all of first-rate execution, was that of the crucifixion itself. The quiet air of placid suffering that pervaded the features of the Savior,—the powerful yet impotent writhings of Barrabbas,—the subdued agony of the penitent thief, supported in his hour of trial by the after-hope that partially disarmed torture of its sting,—all were given with startling and fearful fidelity. The hour of suffering seemed that in which you gazed upon them; and you might almost imagine you beheld the agonies of dying men. Nor were the figures in the foreground, at the foot of the cross, out of keeping with the principal. All were instinct with life, and an expression of feature and attitude, delineative to the uttermost, of the character and feelings of each:—the strong antipathies of some,—and the overweening sympathies of others. In short, there was a fascination about the picture, the result only of its own transcendant excellence, that suffered not the eye to quit it until every speaking line had been conned, and the impress of the whole conveyed deep into the memory and

the heart. Thrice I returned to it, and left it unwillingly at the last. What was principally worthy of admiration after these, was the roof of the chapel, beautifully painted in fresco, and one or two windows of stained glass, the most splendid specimens perhaps, extant, of that now neglected and nearly forgotten art.

Brivieska, November 22nd.—On our return to this place, we received intelligence of a victory gained by Cordova over Don Carlos at Estella. Here it was that Cordova had ample opportunity, by burning Estella, of depriving the Carlists of one of their principal holds, and thereby greatly paralyzing their exertions during the present campaign. Estella is one of the very few towns in possession of Don Carlos, and deprived of it as a principal means of affording shelter to his troops during the inclemency of the season, they must have been driven to extremity. But although the Spanish Commander was sufficiently aware, not only of this fact, but of the advantage which must have accrued to him in the destruction of so vital an accessary to his enemy's power of

resistance, considerations—said to be—of humanity, prompted a different course, and the town was spared.

It may be remarked *par parenthèse*, that the system of mercy—decidedly and taken in one sense,—however amiable it may be in others—so invariably followed up, even in the heart of the disturbed provinces, has been productive of the worst consequences to the queen's cause. Had the several commanders of the Spanish army been empowered to carry fire and sword into the country of their enemies, the secession from the ranks of Don Carlos would long since have been such as to have rendered his army a mere skeleton. It is notorious that our men in their various excursions into the mountains from Bilbao, were oftener fired upon by the peasantry, than what may be termed the regular Carlists themselves. Even while at work in the fields, their arms were secreted at no great distance from them, and when the rear of a detachment, or brigade, as the force might be composed, had passed, their muskets were seized and levelled at the unfortunate

"forlorn hope," who ,although they perished not in the breach, were as certain to find death, while inadvertently straggling in the rear.

Whence resulted this? They knew that their property and persons were, and would be, respected so long as they were not detected *flagrante delicto;* hating us from the bottom of their hearts, they secretly laughed at, and punished us for our weakness. But a principal motive for the adoption of summary proceedings in regard to property especially, was to be found in the very devotedness of the country from which the sinews of war were principally furnished. Men, who with impunity left their homes, and joined Don Carlos' ranks, under the fullest consciousness that their property would be respected during absence, would have returned and adhered to that property, the moment the firebrand had been affixed to the roof of the first dwelling house. However eager they might have been to support the cause of the artful man, who affects to identify their interests with his own, they would have found those interests better

consulted by keeping the much they already possessed, than by grasping at the little more promised them, and of consequence their secession would have been gradual, if not utterly complete.

The Spaniards themselves,—that is to say, those who are really and truly attached to the Queen's cause,—not merely question the policy of this mistaken lenity on the part of the Government chiefs, but even loudly condemn it. They say, and truly, that beat the Carlists as we may—drive them where we may—so long as we leave them the means of returning to an unmolested home, when temporarily tired of the fatigues and privations of their mountainous warfare, we shall never succeed in extirpating them as a faction. Although beaten and crushed, they will never be effectually subdued; and although, like the wily serpent, they may fly the wood which no longer offers concealment to their tortuous trail, and continue in a state of torpor during the winter, each succeeding spring will see them issue forth armed with fresh stings, and scattering the venom of rebellion whithersoever they go.

The arguments used by the Queen's General against the employment of fire and sword are plausible. They say they are averse to carrying spoliation into places where the innocent, equally with the guilty, must be the sufferers. In most of the towns of northern Spain there is necessarily an intermixture of Carlists and Queenites;—in some the one, in some the other party, predominate; and as the destruction of towns and property might lead to retaliation, although on a more limited scale, they have deemed it prudent to eschew the spoliatory system altogether. All this is perhaps as it should be; but the question is, whether in an extreme case, as in the sparing of Estella for instance, private considerations should not yield before the public good. If the faction could be put down by the destruction of ten towns, its extinction would be cheaply purchased; and if, on the other hand, the existence of such towns, which are the only places of refuge for Don Carlos's army during the winter, are the means of continuing that faction, surely their immunity from harm must be considered as purchased at a

fearful price, both to the Government and the cause of the Queen. This much appears certain, that if the army of circumvallation about to be raised, of 100,000 men, do not take the field with us, as promised, we shall never of ourselves—that is to say, Cordova's army of 30,000 men, and our Legion united,—succeed in so dispersing the Carlists as to put them down, unless we burn and destroy wherever we go. No man can coolly advocate a war of extermination, under ordinary circumstances; but what mercy have these people a right to expect from us, to whom they will show no other than the bullet or the cord? But after all, there is not so much severity in this, as at first view of the question appears; inasmuch as before we had burned half a dozen villages, our object would be fully attained, in the secession of more than one half his force from the ranks of Don Carlos.

Brivieska, November 23rd.—On the day following that of my return from Burgos, a priest, convicted of holding correspondence with Don Carlos, and of attempting to enlist recruits for his

cause, was publicly shot to death without the walls of that city.

Colonel Dickson, of the 7th, who brought the account, was a witness of the scene, which he describes as one of a very touching nature. The whole of the troops in garrison were marched out into the plain, and having formed a square of three sides facing inwards, the priest, accompanied by his confessor, and holding a crucifix in his hands, was led into the open space. A sort of shell or coffin had been placed at a certain distance, and towards this the unhappy man moved, with his back turned towards the party on whom the task of execution had devolved. He was collected and unwavering; and though his countenance was pale, it gave no indication of unmanly fear. He carried a white handkerchief to his face, covering his eyes. This, after remaining stationary for a moment or two when arrived near the coffin, he removed, and looked inquiringly round as if to know why the fatal volley had been deferred so long,—just at that instant the discharge was made, and he fell forward on the shell, writhing

in agony. An officer then advanced, accompanied by a soldier, and the bullet of the latter, directed against the brain of the dying man, put an end to his sufferings. At the moment of his falling the confessor rushed forward, and snatched the crucifix from his hands. The assumption was, that the act was meant to rescue the symbol from a supposed pollution. Without ceremony, the body of the priest was then thrust into the shell, and the bones broken according to usage. By the way, the manner of disposing of the dead in this part of the country, is at once barbarous and repugnant to the feelings. A flag is removed from the pavement of the church, a hole dug, and the body thrown into it, without coffin, or any thing of the sort. Quick lime is next strewed over it, then sufficient earth to hide the body; after which, men, with large mallets, commence pounding away upon the corpse until every bone is broken up:—it is then left to be decomposed by the quick lime. A few months later they remove the same pavement to receive another corpse, the first having wholly crumbled into

dust, and this to the end of the chapter. One would imagine, that in a country so essentially Catholic, greater respect would be shown to the dead; but the custom is decidedly Moorish.

Brivieska, November 27th. — The reported danger of the General's baggage falling into the hands of Merino's cavalry, discovered to be fudge. The route from Santander perfectly safe.

CHAPTER V.

DISMISSAL OF OFFICERS FROM THE LEGION—MARCH TO VITORIA—ORDERED TO SAN DOMINGO—PAUL CARÇANADA MY FRENCH SERVANT—HIS BRAVERY IN A SEVERE AFFAIR AGAINST VILLA REAL—ROUTE FROM SAN DOMINGO TO MIRANDA, THROUGH THE ROMANTIC PASS OF PANCORBO—PAUL'S DOWNFALL—COUNCIL OF VITORIA—INDIFFERENT RECEPTION BY THE INHABITANTS—REVIEW OF THE LEGION BY CORDOVA—BALL GIVEN BY THE AUTHORITIES—DESCRIPTION OF CORDOVA—GOVERNOR OF BURGOS DISMISSED FOR HIS RUDE CONDUCT—CORDOVA AND THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GO TO BURGOS—MASSACRE OF THE CHAPELGORRIS BY ESPARTERO.

Brivieska, November 25th.—Since our removal here, we have had several officers struck off the list of the Legion, in consequence of continued absence without leave—among others, Master-Assistant-Commissary-General Thynne—whose name I particularly mention for the reasons that follow:—In that part of my Journal which bears on the

march from Bilbao to this place, I have noted the fact of his encounter with a certain bandit, who was in the act of stripping a child on the road to Castro, and who, on his (Mr. Thynne's) calling out to him, most uncourteously replied, by leveling his musket. Now, whatever the cause, it is quite certain that the Commissary never moved over a mile of terra-firma in Spain, after that eventful day. It appears that at Castro he found a pretext for embarking to Santander, and from Santander he took passage to England. He has consequently been struck off the strength of the Legion. While on the subject of dismissals from the service, it may not be at all *malapropos* to state, that from the moment of General Evans joining the Legion in Spain, these have been of very frequent occurrence—and not more frequent than necessary. At the first formation of the Legion, as might be fairly assumed, time was not afforded for that strict scrutiny into character and capability, which a few months of probation taught officers it was indispensable to possess. While at Bilbao, what was essentially

bad, failed not to develope itself, and found its merited recompence. Courts of Inquiry and Courts Martial weeded the Legion of its worst subjects; and numbers were sent home—some for misconduct, and others for incapacity. Several of these had the impudence to state, on their return to England, that they had quitted the army in disgust, as not being what they had anticipated in joining it—and each, a Lilliputian General in himself! commented freely on the plans and movements of him who had dispensed with their very subordinate assistance. God knows, the army was well rid of a set of men, whose continuance in it could but have injured the cause; and some of whom, to an incompetency without parallel, in their relative positions united a spirit of rapacity, and mercenary thirst of gain, unexampled in any service in the world.

Such is the description of men, who, returning to England with disappointed interests, and gangrene in their hearts, basely seek to raise themselves from the mire into which their own misconduct has sunk them, by inveighing against

the expedition, and affecting to call into question the competency of its head. Party may lend a willing ear to their statements; but impartiality and discernment—never.

San Domingo, November 30th.—The recovery of General Evans from an indisposition, the result of fatigue and anxiety of mind, under which he had been laboring almost ever since our arrival at Brivieska, has been the signal for a final move upon Vitoria. Yesterday I received an order to hasten to this place from Brivieska, for the purpose of giving the route to the 2nd and 4th brigades stationed here under Brigadier-General M'Dougall. Last night I slept at Pancorbo, a singular and romantic-looking village, situated in the very heart of a pass, formed by immense masses of bold rock, literally overhanging the place. This village, distant from Brivieska three leagues, is on the high road to Vitoria, and forms the mouth of a gorge in which considerable obstacle might be offered to the advance of an army. My ride to-day was over a country remarkable for the number, and seeming neatness

of its villages. I use the term *seeming*, for although most of the hamlets in Spain wear a character of neatness, when seen from a distance, a closer approach to them sadly disappoints the expectation. The Camino-real, or high road was remarkably good, scarcely to be surpassed in any part of England; and I was not without interesting companionship in my trot over it. Shortly after my arrival at Brivieska, I had engaged as a private servant, a sharp, intelligent, and vigorous Frenchman, Paul Carçanada by name, who had formerly served in the urbanos of Bilbao, but was now discharged, his term of service having expired. This man, highly useful to me in my department, from his knowledge of the language, and the country we are in, I employ as much as an interpreter and guide, as a servant; and he usually accompanies me upon a small mule which I have procured for his especial accommodation. As we moved along to-day, he pointed out, among the mountains beyond the Ebro on our left, several spots which were familiar to him, as scenes of spirited contest with the enemy, about eighteen

months previously. The principal of these was an enormous mountain, covering seven leagues of ground, lying on the route to Logroño, and called the Montagna de Peña Serrada. On the occasion alluded to by him, seven companies of his regiment had gone out from Maëstro, under the command of Colonel Tourlas, a Frenchman also; and although the mountain was occupied by three battalions of Carlists, under Villa Real, it was resolved to carry it. They advanced, under a spirited fire from the enemy, but with such steadiness and perseverance, that two of the Carlist battalions were glad to make good their retreat. The third, under Villa Real, however, stood their ground, until, in the end, the contest was carried on at less than pistol-shot. Annoyed and enraged at the obstinacy of the defence made by the enemy, Paul, according to his own account, was the first to suggest the charge, a hint that was instantly acted upon by the Colonel, and with such success, that the assailants speedily carried the summit of the mountain:—still the Carlists were not vanquished. Retiring a few feet down the

opposite face of the mountain, they threw themselves behind rocks, and broken surfaces of earth, whence they continued to maintain a galling fire. The impetuosity of my friend Paul, (and certainly it is of no common order,) here again came to the aid of his party. Once more he called out—*à la bayonette*, and, leaping down the rocks, preceded his comrades in the effort to dislodge their covered foe. Scarcely, however, had he gained their first line, when a barrel of ammunition was blown up designedly by a Carlist soldier, and poor Paul was so severely burnt as to be compelled to keep his bed for weeks afterwards. His party, however, afterwards carried the day; an affair of three hours duration.

Whoever accuses Paul of *fanfaronade*, I religiously believe to be wrong. He showed me the scar on his right arm, which had principally suffered, and certainly it had every appearance of having been produced by an explosion of gunpowder. I had, however, had previous testimony as to his spirit.—When first seen in my service, he was immediately recognised as one who had

been foremost in following the banditti, on the day of our march from Portagalette to Castro, and had even exchanged several shots with them, although totally uncalled for, he being with the baggage of an officer of General M'Dougall's staff.

It was long after I first came in sight of this place, that I actually reached it. It lies in a vast flat plain of stony soil, with no other object to relieve the dull monotony of its appearance, than what is afforded by some very beautiful milk-white goats, in the habit of browzing on the leaves of the brown nut-tree, continuous clusters of which line the principal approach for about a mile to the town:—the attitudes of these animals, as they rested on their hind, and upraised their fore-feet to the slight branches of the tree, nibbling the while, was at once elegant and picturesque. Game is said greatly to abound in this neighborhood, but I do not learn from any of the officers, that they have met with much success.

Miranda, December 2nd.—Yesterday the brigades from San Domingo, following those from

Brivieska, moved forward to Pancorbo, where they halted for the night, pursuing the route to Miranda this morning. On my arrival here, preceding the former, I repaired to the head-quarters of the General, from whom I received an order to change the direction of the 2nd and 4th brigades to the villages of Odun and Sosanna, their original route having been to other positions. Although the mule of my aid-de-camp Paul had been not a little jaded with the rather smart ride we had already performed, the services of himself and rider were again put in requisition, and we retraced our steps. More than once I was compelled to call out to my attendant to quicken his pace, in order that I might be in time to halt the brigades before they passed the points at which they were to turn off to their respective destinations—the order was complied with, but not without incident. While giving the necessary instructions to Brigadier-General Chichester, my friend Paul came up, but in a state that rendered him scarcely recognizable and with a flushed cheek, and disturbed manner, that told how much his usually irascible temper

had been ruffled. I queried as to the cause, when he replied with his customary vivacity, "*Que diable voulez vous, mon Capitaine, vous desirez que mon mulet aille au grand galop, tandis qu'il ne sait faire la route qu' au petit trot. Il vient de me renverser dans la boue, et je ne sais quand je me débarrasserai de tout cela.*" The fact was, that in his eagerness to get forward, Paul, who is of no mean weight, had overbalanced himself, and brought his mule to the ground, in a part of the road by no means the most free from mud. Both animal and rider rolled over each other, until they became a perfect incrustation of filth, and in proportion as the disaster was complete, the indignation of Paul increased. What added to his choleric mood, was the circumstance of a nearly new pair of rifle trowsers, which I had given him that morning, to match with his smart chasseur jacket, having shared the same fate with his other habiliments, and for these he seemed to entertain much more concern than for his master's cloak, which he was carrying across the mule, and which, by his unfortunate *roulade*, had been totally

spoiled. It would have been cruel, under these circumstances, to have taken him to the brigade in the rear, and I accordingly moved on alone.

On my return I found my *assistiente* in the same spot—restored in temper, but looking unusually serious. As we moved on towards the town, I told him he must be prepared to go in advance with me in the morning to Vitoria, to procure billets for the brigades; but he shook his head, and with one of his sarcastic smiles, remarked, that hitherto it had been all very well moving in advance, as we were in a friendly district, but that on the morrow we should be in the heart of the country of the *factieux*, when such an experiment might be attended by no inconsiderable danger. When, however, I told him that it must be, he shrugged his shoulders and said, with the utmost sang-froid—"*Eh bien, mon Capitaine, au diable, si vous voulez.*"

On reaching this place finally, every street of the town evinced the utmost degree of confusion. In every direction were to be seen masses of the Legion, whom the difficulty of quartering kept in

the street for hours, rendering these latter almost impassable even by the foot passenger; nor was it until a very late hour this evening, that any thing approaching to quiet was obtained. Even that will be of short duration, as the several brigades are to be under arms at five o'clock.

Vitoria, December 4th.—Yesterday we made our long anticipated—long desired entry into this place. We moved early from Miranda—but the known proximity of the enemy rendered frequent haltings necessary; and it was not until dark that the General and his staff preceded the brigade into the town. It was half expected that we should have had an encounter with the Carlists, and, as we moved over ground rendered interesting to each, from former achievements by the British arms, there were few, who would not gladly have grasped at the opportunity of following in the path of their more fortunate and victorious countrymen. But this was not doomed to be.

A strong body of the Queen's troops were stationed to cover our passage of the Sidona, a river

situate near the village of Puebla. As we advanced, we found the heights commanding the wood, right and left, similarly occupied, while a strong piquet defended a bridge across the same arm of the Ebro, about half a mile to the left of the road, immediately beyond which the Carlist position lay. Strong bodies of troops—detachments from the army of Espartero, which had preceded us from Bilbao—moreover hovered on our flanks, so that the Legion ran little risk of being taken by surprise, encumbered, even as it was, by an immense train of baggage.

Arrived at the avenue conducting into the town, the drums and the bugles of the Legion struck up—the light brigade under General Reid being in advance. Over the gate of the town was placed a globe, crowned with the several flags of England, France, Spain, and Portugal; and the following inscription in large black letters on white canvass:—"The generous English who fight for the freedom of nations." They might have added, by the bye, "who also fight without pay;" for at Briviesca, the officers generously

enough consented to forego all claims for the next three months; an example set them by the principal officers. The broad street of Santa Clara, was lined on either hand, with troops of Cordova's army, and a number of the inhabitants were collected in the streets, while numerous others appeared at the various windows. As General Evans made his entrance, the bands of the several Spanish regiments played Riego's Hymn, and the troops presented arms. A few "*vivas los Inglesas*" burst from the crowd, but they were neither so universal nor so enthusiastic as we had been prepared to expect. Indeed, from what little I have been enabled to remark since our arrival, the inhabitants of Vitoria are infinitely more Carlists than Queenites. From the vast number of officers, English and Spanish, now here, the difficulty of billeting is great, and there seems no disposition on the part of the people to do more than what is absolutely and imperatively required of them.

Vitoria, December 6th.—Yesterday the Legion was reviewed by Cordova, who had arrived from

Logroño, on the preceding day, for that especial purpose. At an early hour the Lieutenant-General, with his staff, was on the ground, ready to receive him, and as the morning was fine, the troops were seen to advantage. When Cordova made his appearance, his staff, which was very brilliant and numerous, united with that of the British General—the whole forming a splendid *cortége* well mounted, and richly costumed. On this occasion, a new system of salute was observed by the Legion, which, in my humble opinion, is no improvement. As the reviewing General passed along the line, arms were not presented by the men, but each officer dropped his sword separately and independently, as the staff arrived within a few paces of his front. This mode of saluting is Spanish, and produces any thing but a good effect, for it gives the line an unsteady appearance. Several evolutions were afterwards performed by the troops, highly to the gratification of Cordova, and the whole was concluded by a volley, and the charge—the latter of which was given with so much spirit,

accompanied by such startling shouts, as to cause the Spaniards to look on with astonishment. The Carlists must have heard it.

In the evening, a ball was given at the Theatre, to the officers of the Legion; but a sad apology for an entertainment it proved, being spiritless and stupid to a degree. Unlike at San Sebastian and Bilbao, there was no supper, and whoever wanted refreshments had to repair to the café of the Theatre, where he paid his sous for value received. Cordova, Espartero, and General Evans were present for an hour or two, but they retired early. The former mingled much with the crowd, and showed much gallantry of manner towards his countrywomen, with most of whom he exchanged compliments.

Cordova is not by any means a fine man. His figure is thin and spare—his shoulders are narrow, and altogether, his appearance is not so much that of the robust soldier, as I had been led to expect;—yet notwithstanding this, there is an elasticity, and lightness about his action—a quickness of intelligence in his eye—and an

ardor of expression in his countenance—all which united, convey at once, to a reader of character, the certainty of a man prompt to conceive, and no less ready to act. Although extremely youthful both in figure and feature, there is an expression of determination about the man, which redeems his want of the severer personal attributes of the mere soldier:—and one cannot behold him without being sensible that a mind of no common order inhabits his delicate frame. About the middle height, and apparently not more than thirty-five years of age, he forms a striking contrast to Espartero, whose dark unbending brow, and immoveable features, half buried in whisker and moustache, convey the impression of the warrior of many battle fields. While Cordova, on the other hand, with shaven cheek and beardless chin, reminds you rather of the gay frequenter of the drawing-room.

The conduct of the Governor of Burgos, to Captain Clarke and myself, I have already recorded. Yesterday the report was laid before Cordova, and, without a moment's hesitation, he

caused the name of the delinquent to be struck out of the Governorship, and that of the Baron de Sola to be substituted in its stead. This is as it should be.

This morning, accompanied by General Evans, and the personal staff of the latter, Cordova left Vitoria for Burgos, for the purpose of meeting General Alava, arrived from Madrid on his route to France, for the express purpose of remonstrating with the Government of Louis-Phillippe on the subject of supplies conveyed directly, or indirectly, to the Carlists, from that country. What the result of that remonstrance will be, heaven only knows.

Vitoria, December 12th.—This day (Sunday), has been remarkable for a cruel tragedy,—one which will long live in the memory of the brave, although it must be admitted, lawless Chapelgorris. The facts connected with it are as follows:—

Some time ago a party of these latter attacked a Carlist village called La Bastide, in Alava, and succeeded in driving the enemy out. A priest,

who was among the number of the fugitives, was shot in the act of flying with the Carlists; and the Chapelgorris, on their return to the village, plundered the church, and drank wine out of the chalice. A representation of this fact was made to the Government of Madrid, with this important alteration in the true version of the story,—that the priest had been murdered in the church,—and simply with a view to subsequent spoliation. Espartero, the commander of the division here, was accordingly written to, and strongly censured for having suffered the commission of such an outrage. The measure he immediately took to justify himself, and punish the offenders, was fearfully summary. The whole of the Chapelgorris were this morning marched a few miles on the Miranda road, and, without being in the slightest degree aware of what was in preparation, were ordered to ascend a rising ground,—the same where the French batteries were planted which did so much execution during the advance upon Vitoria by Lord Wellington's army. Here they found a body of 6,000 infantry, the horse

artillery which had preceded them from Vitoria, and a considerable number of cavalry, already drawn up. Having completed the ascent, they were halted, and ordered to pile their arms, from which they were commanded to move some distance. The cavalry now rode up between the Chapelgorris and their muskets, forming a guard to these latter. Then, for the first time, the poor fellows began to form a suspicion of what was intended against them, and several moved as if to repossess themselves of their arms; but the cavalry drove them back, and they were left helpless. Espartero, who commanded in person at this scene, now ordered that lots should be cast for decimation. The command was obeyed, and the unfortunates stood apart from their astonished and indignant comrades. The first ten of this devoted number were again selected, and these were inevitably to die. Among them was a fine young man, a Frenchman, and, as his comrades assert, a nephew of Lafitte. This youth, scarcely nineteen, was an object of general interest, both from his appearance, and the

earnest manner in which he avowed his innocence of all crime that could possibly lead to such an end. But his judge was inexorable, and he was compelled to share the lot of his companions. His fate once decided, he thought only of dying as best became a brave soldier; and when told to turn his back to the firing party, he refused, saying that he was no traitor, and that he had too often faced the bullets of his enemies, to fear those of his comrades now. Then, waving his cap, he tossed it in the air, and told them he was ready to die like a Frenchman.

Thus have perished ten of our old San Sebastian friends. It happens, unfortunately for them, that General Evans is absent, or his intercession with Espartero might have obtained them their lives.

December 16th.—The affair of the poor Chapelgorris has been the subject of general conversation in the Legion, for the last few days, and the conduct of Espartero designated as any thing but merciful. Even Jauregui himself is deeply chagrined and pained, it is said, so much so, as to be obliged to keep his bed. It

is a singular circumstance that a nephew of his own, in the ranks of the Chapelgorris, stood eleventh, originally, on the list for decimation; but a yet more remarkable fact may be recorded. Among the ten who received the fatal fire, was a young man to whom Jauregui was particularly partial; — the only ball by which he was hit slightly grazed his ear or neck, sufficiently to draw blood, and he had the presence of mind to throw himself down, and continue perfectly still; as if struck by a mortal wound. Here he remained until the troops had all withdrawn, when he was removed to the quarters of Jauregui, where he is at this moment; and where the gallant El Pastor declares he shall continue unharmed and untouched.

A visible change has been effected in the manner of the Chapelgorris generally. To the sprightliness and enjouement of character, which distinguished these men from all other Spanish soldiers, has succeeded a reserve and dispiritedness, that proclaim how much, and how deeply, they have felt the tragic occurrences of Sunday last.

This force has hitherto been composed of a mixture of Spaniards and foreigners; but, within the last two days, the whole of the latter, chiefly French and Italian, have been taken from the corps, and moved off, with the intention of being sent to their respective countries. This may be politic, but it will sadly lessen the efficiency of the corps, on whom great reliance has hitherto been placed:—not the less, for having these same Frenchmen and Italians of their number. Many of the Spaniards are dissatisfied with the arrangement, and, as all are volunteers who may quit the service at their pleasure, it is supposed not a few will disband themselves, and return to San Sebastian, at the first favorable opportunity. To day I conversed with one of them, and he declared, with tears in his eyes, he would no longer remain after what had occurred. He was at the affair of La Bastide himself, and although he admits that he and his companions plundered the church, and drank wine out of the chalice, he swears positively that the priest was killed in fair fight, and while fleeing with the Carlists,—both parties having

sustained some loss in killed. He morever asserted, and repeated his assertion, that so far from Espartero being dissatisfied with their conduct on that day, he was the first to encourage them, by exclaiming, "Good, Chapelgorris, good; you have behaved well." But, added he, with strong emotion, produced by the recollection of the recent fate of his comrades,—"it is only to shield himself, and court favor with the Government, that he has done this deed."

CHAPTER VI.

FLAG OF TRUCE FROM THE ENEMY—CHRISTMAS DAY—A TURKEY ANECDOTE—REPORT OF THE STATE OF SAN SEBASTIAN—ANECDOTES OF ZUMALACARREGUI—ARRIVAL OF COUNT ALMADOVAR, THE MINISTER AT WAR—DESCRIPTION OF VITORIA—PROMISE OF THE QUEEN REGENT TO VISIT THE LEGION IN SUMMER—ADVANCE OF THE LEGION FROM VITORIA—SPIRITED CONDUCT OF THE STAFF—UNHEALTHY STATE OF VITORIA—ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH LEGION—CRITICAL POSITION OF THE CARLISTS—AFFAIR OF ARLABAN—MURDER OF MR. STREET, OF THE COMMISSARIAT—INCREASING SICKNESS AT VITORIA—BURIAL OF ONE OF CORDOVA'S AIDS-DE-CAMP—FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE COMBINED TROOPS UPON THE CASTLE OF GUABARRA—FAILS TO DRAW THE ENEMY INTO ACTION—A CARLIST COLONEL KILLED BY THE QUEEN'S CAVALRY, IN REVENGE FOR THE MURDER OF MR. STREET—TRUE POSITION OF THE BRITISH LEGION IN THE AFFAIR OF THE 17TH—LEGION LEFT UNPROTECTED AGAINST THE WHOLE CARLIST FORCE ON THE HEIGHTS OF ZOAZO—GENERAL EVANS'S WITHDRAWAL OF HIS FORCES ACROSS THE ZADORA, WHERE A FINAL POSITION IS TAKEN UP—ANECDOTE.

December 20th.—Nothing important during the week. This morning a flag of truce came in from the enemy, the announcement of the arrival of which, occasioned some little excitement in the

Legion, anxious to see in what manner its bearers were equipped. As the parties were not suffered to enter the gates of the tower, we were compelled to go forth to them; and pleasant indeed was the appearance the poor devils exhibited. I longed for the presence of the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who, in his letter of the 27th of November, describes the perfect and soldier-like bearing of his parties *protegès*. The officer was a very young man indeed; and, although he had evidently done all his forlorn condition in the mountains would admit of, to render himself fine, the effect was utterly lost upon us all. The men were as meanly attired as their officer; and the horses bore marks of the privation from which their masters had suffered. The only decent looking fellow among the party was the trumpeter, who, in his dark eyebrow, lustrous eye, and ruddy cheek, formed a singular exception to his comrades. We, of course, expected the flag had arrived with some communication of consequence; either a summons to the garrison to surrender, or an offer of submission on the part of the rebels.

Not so; the officer was the bearer of an account for items incurred in the maintenance of certain prisoners of the Queen's army, recently exchanged and sent into Vitoria. Having acquitted himself of his mission, and taken a glass of wine with the officer commanding the cavalry piquet who received him, he soon afterwards departed,—not a little to the amusement of the usually grave Spaniards, who could not conceal their mirth at the ludicrous gait of the miserable horses, as their riders, anxious to show them off to the utmost, spurred, or endeavored to spur, them to their speed.

December 25th.—This is the day the Tories prophesied that what few of us should be left, would be in London half-starved and crippled, and gaping eagerly into the plum-pudding shops. They were wrong.—The day has been kept by us with all the festivity peculiar to our ancestors; and we have wine and charity in abundance, thank Heaven, to drink to a better feeling on the part of the Tories themselves. To crown these festivities, we have had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of a number of deserters, who came in

early in the evening—some of those same persons whom the correspondent of the *Post* describes as so enthusiastically devoted to their lawful sovereign, Charles the Fifth; but who, in effect, it would appear, are fonder of their comfort, and their lives. *En passant*, I cannot omit a good joke on the part of these same Carlists:—Aware of the English mania for turkeys at Christmas, many of the peasants had fattened numbers, for the purpose of bringing them into the Vitoria market. The Carlists watched the preparation, and saw the turkeys fatten, with no inconsiderable satisfaction. Two days before Christmas, they were collected together in flocks, and already on the move, when the facetious Carlists interposed:—"No," said they, "these turkeys stop with us: the English may be fond of them, but we no less so: with your permission we will make our dinner off them instead."—And thus we lost our turkeys.

This evening, the Lieutenant-General, who had been absent on a tour throughout Cordova's lines, almost ever since our arrival here, returned to

head-quarters. As the Carlists are said to be twenty-two battalions strong at Salvatierra, within two leagues of us, (whence indeed parties of them frequently ride up to the gates of the town, when they see the "coast clear")—an attack on their position may be daily expected.

December 27th.—The Deputy-Adjutant-General de Lancy arrived this day from Santander. He had left us at Oña, on the march from Bilbao, and performed the whole of the journey singly and on horseback. From Santander he proceeded, under the command of Colonel Arbuthnott, with a part of the garrison, and some artillery, to San Sebastian, then closely besieged by the Carlists, the same party we had encountered at Hernani. The account Colonel de Lancy gives of San Sebastian is truly deplorable; and I confess, as one of those who had experienced the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants, I was touched by it. He describes the place as painfully altered;—all the principal families we had known, had abandoned it, and repaired to Bayonne. The pavement of the streets had been taken up, and bomb-proofs

constructed in every part of the town. Altogether, San Sebastian had lost the air of liveliness and gaiety it wore at our landing, for the first time, in Spain; and the few inhabitants left, bitterly regretted the absence of the two regiments (the 1st and 2nd) towards whom they had testified so much amity, and on whom they had placed so much reliance. Our poor old convent of St. Francisco was filled with Carlist troops, and the refectory had exchanged its offerings of claret and cigars for the fumes of *Aguardiente* and tobacco-pipes. The whole bay was covered with Carlist cantonments, and on the elevated point, where the light-house stands, batteries had been erected. And yet with all this hostile array of the enemy, Sebastian was safe, as long as its inmates could be faithful to themselves. It is true, they were sheltered beneath bomb-proofs, but only as a measure of precaution. The execution done by the enemy was trifling, scarcely worthy of remark; and when Colonel de Lancy left, it was under the impression that the town (the citadel could never be taken,) was in no danger whatever of falling.

On the day of Colonel Arbuthnott's departure, the Carlists saluted him with several discharges from their artillery; but this was so wretchedly served, that every ball fell at least three hundred yards short of the boat in which he was embarked.

December 28th.—A rather interesting anecdote was recounted to me this morning by Captain Clarke, who returned from a tour of examination along the Logroño lines the day previous to the arrival of the General. On his return from Pampeluna he stopped at a small village, the principal *posada* of which was remarkable for the beauty of its hostess. Nor was the style of that beauty Spanish, (Spanish beauty few of us have had the bad taste to admire, however our romantic cockney tourists may descant on it,) but essentially and touchingly English. The husband was exceedingly fond of her, and indeed testified so much attachment, as to render it a matter of remark to his guest, who, in the course of subsequent conversation, elicited the following fact:—

While Zumalacarregui was traversing this part of the province, struck by the beauty of

the woman, he carried her off to the mountains, where she remained for some time. Filled with grief and despair, the unfortunate husband sent to the General, entreating the restoration of his wife. Moved by the appeal, Zumalacarregui at length consented to do so, provided within a certain time, 1200 sheep and 700 dollars were sent to him as the price of ransom. The poor fellow had great difficulty in raising the amount; which, indeed, was more than he was worth. But affection will conquer much in favor of its object! The money was obtained—paid into the hand of Zumalacarregui, and the delighted Spaniard once more strained his beautiful wife to his heart. "Ah," said he, with a look full of love, as, on concluding his little history to Captain Clarke, he patted her cheek, "you know you were not worth half the money I paid for your restoration." But her expressive eye and malicious smile, directed to her guest, at once said,—"Don't you believe him."

While on the subject of Zumalacarregui, I must not omit the following instance of his gal-

lantry at Bilbao. The day previous to his bombardment of that city, he sent into the town, intimating that if there were any English ladies who wished to quit it, he would allow them until eight o'clock on the following morning; but that after that hour, no one would be allowed to leave, under any pretence whatsoever. Emboldened by this act of courtesy on the part of the Carlist chief, one or two of the residents inquired if similar permission would be accorded to a certain number of Spanish ladies as well. Zumalacarregûi demanded to know how many, and on being told twenty, gave his consent, stipulating only that these ladies should place themselves under the protection of the British flag. The terms were complied with, and the parties quitted the town, thus escaping all the inconveniencies of the siege. It must not be forgotten, that Zumalacarregui added, on giving his assent, that, in the event of his being fired upon by the Queen's troops from the town, he would not return that fire, until the ladies were embarked, and out of danger.

January 1st, 1836.—Yesterday Cordova arrived

here, accompanied by the Minister of War, from Madrid, bringing with them intelligence of the utter extinction of the faction, recently raised and armed in Arrogan. Fifteen hundred were taken prisoners, and fifteen hundred more laid down their arms immediately afterwards. This is a fatal blow to the hopes of Carlism. What will the Tories say to this, who so recently exulted in the staunch devotedness of these poor people to the assassin Charles? At a late hour last evening, two hundred came in here as prisoners, among them many who had been severely wounded. A slight description of this much-spoken of city may not be uninteresting.

Vitoria is very indifferently fortified, particularly on the Miranda side. There are but few guns mounted, and these could offer but little resistance against a determined enemy. Ten battalions of English troops would walk over its walls in as many minutes, however numerous their opponents. Indeed, the only barrier that separates my lodging from the open country, is an undefended wall of about twelve feet, which

might be scaled with the utmost ease at any hour of the night, nor can the Carlists be utterly ignorant of the weak points of a fortress (so it is called) they are so anxious to obtain.

The town itself is a curious compound, being partly Moorish, partly modern, in construction.—The entrance from the Miranda road, by the Callè Santa Clara, is good. This street is broad, and on either side, are to be seen some tolerable houses, but the most modern are in the Callè in which I have my lodgings—the San Antonia. Billets were difficult to be procured when we first arrived, owing to the vast influx of strangers. Even general officers could with difficulty secure rooms to themselves. That which was shown me as mine, was miserable to a degree, insomuch that I was obliged to hire apartments. The moderate prices of these may, however, be judged of, when I admit that I pay for a whole suite of rooms, ten in number, seven closets, separate beds for two servants, and stabling for two horses, scarcely two *pesetlas* a day, which is little more than one shilling and six-pence

English. There is this to be said, that several of the rooms are unfurnished; but I have some counterbalancing advantages, having the whole floor to myself, and hear it, oh ye gods! a fire place in my sitting room. Yes, a fire place in Spain! while hundreds of other officers in their comfortless billets, know no other protection from the cold, than what their *brazeiro*, or their blankets, afford them. I would not give up my fire place *alone*, for double what I pay,—yet, I believe, there are not a dozen men in the Legion possessed of this luxury. But to return to Vitoria.

At the extremity of the Callè Santa Clara is an open space, adorned with a fountain, which leads on the left through as many archways to the Callès Herrereia, Zapateria, Correria, Cuchilleria, &c. These, dull, narrow, and gloomy, contain some odd looking houses, and some good ones:—among the latter, that of the Lieutenant-General, who is in the Callè Herrereia. Cordova, when here, occupies an equally commodious billet in the Zapateria:—the Correria is only

remarkable for its filth, having in it the principal slaughter-houses.

Proceeding on the right of this open space alluded to, and immediately opposite to the Callè Herrereia, you enter the grand plaza of Vitoria, in which there are many good and uniform buildings. I cannot better convey an idea of a Spanish plaza to the uninitiated, than by stating that it is precisely similar to the Palais Royal. It has nearly the same appearance, although on a more limited scale. A corridor surrounds this building, or rather continuous chain of buildings, and beneath it there are shops for the sale of all things. The elegance of the Palais Royal, however, it has not. It wants the fountains, and trees, and gardens, which render the former so delectable a lounge for the grey beards of the olden day, who think there is no greater happiness than basking in the sun's rays, seated comfortably in their chairs, and their favorite journal, upholding the "*Ancien Regime*" in hand. There is this difference also, that the plazas of Spain are a description of market place. Here are to be seen

venders of bread, fowls, and every thing in the fruit line; and the passenger is often obstructed by the intermixture of these people with the buyers, principally soldiery. The plazas are also the great theatres for reviews of troops, inspections, &c. Unlike the Palais Royal, too, where the ladies of easy virtue are the principal promenaders, bon-ton of Spanish society are to be seen assembled here in the colder, or more heavy weather, and walking as though it were "the devil take the hindmost." In fine weather they patronize the Florida, which is not a hundred yards out of the Callè Santa Clara. In the dark mantilla, they look well; but when they ape foreign fashionables, they are unendurable. A hat on a Spanish woman is abominable, and this from the horrid association of colors. They remind one of the female sweeps on May-day in England. The beauty of the better order of females in Vitoria is not striking:—the lower class, among which are some very pretty girls, have decidedly the advantage. Many of these are classically beautiful, both in face and figure.

Beyond the plaza of Vitoria, and terminated by the horse-artillery barracks, is a sort of square, in which the guns of that corps are kept. Nothing can be in better order than this park of artillery; the men are chiefly young, good-looking, and well-dressed. Their horses, moreover, are, like most Spanish horses, of glossy coat, and in good condition. It is really a source of gratification to see them turn out; the only thing to be complained of is, that they make no use of them. There is a decent post-office at the entrance of the Callè Cuchilleria, which is rather wider than its brethren already described, but is approached through the same sort of archway. There is also a theatre, but I was too sick of the Bilbao representations, to venture upon those of Vitoria. Except at the ball given on our arrival, I have never been in it.

The country around Vitoria is beautiful, and some of the views commanded of the place superb. Vitoria is situated in a plain, and numerous villages dot the space between it and the mountains on the Carlist side. It is approached, as has

already been shown, on the Miranda road, by a rather broad avenue of trees, of about half a league in extent; from the farther extremity of which a very excellent and distinct view of the town is commanded. At the end of the valley rise excessively lofty mountains, which, in winter, are covered with snow.

January 2nd.—To-day the Minister of War, the Count Almadovar, held a grand levee for the officers of the Legion. Suffering severely from rheumatism in the head, I had not an opportunity of attending, but, from all I can learn, his reception was very gracious. In addition to other matter, he stated that it had originally been the intention of the Queen mother to have seen us here, but that the severity of the weather had prevented her carrying such intention into effect. He promised, however, in her name, that later, and as the weather became milder, the journey from Madrid would be undertaken, when we should have the satisfaction of making our obeisance, and kissing her hand. He concluded by saying, that much reliance was placed upon the

efforts of the Legion; and he himself would remain with us, to witness the result of an attack it was intended to make on the enemy's position at Salvatierra, in the course of a few days, when he doubted not his English allies would cover themselves with their wonted glory.

January 3rd.—This day, the light brigade, under General Reid, and the 2nd under Colonel Shaw, moved forward upon the Salvatierra road, to occupy the villages that lie between this, and that supposed strong hold of the enemy. They were preceded by the Chapelgorris recently attached to the Legion,—between whom, and the advanced post of the enemy, some unimportant skirmishing took place. The Carlists were in force near the Castle of Guabara, about three leagues from this, which they have been for some time busily occupied, in fortifying. As soon as the advance of the English was perceived, they drew up under cover of their entrenchments, and with an evident determination to make a stand. But an attack was not contemplated;—the Chapelgorris having been pushed forward, merely with

a view to cover the reconnoissance which Cordova and Evans had in view. The position occupied by the staff, commanded a highly picturesque view of the enemy, and as they were within musket range, the fire of the latter was in no slight degree directed against them; but their aim was so infamous, that not a ball took effect, either falling short, or going over the heads of the officers. One or two challenges to single combat were offered from the Queen's side,—but these were not accepted. Among others, a Captain Potier, a Belgian,—who had deserted from the Carlists the preceding week, and come into Vitoria, was principally forward in this defiance. He went considerably in advance with his drawn sword, but no other weapon,—and called repeatedly on a Carlist officer to come down and meet him,—but the offer was not met. Several Lancers, however, came, and on their appearance, the mounted orderlies of the staff moved forward to support the *brave Belge*. They pursued the horsemen to an adjoining wood, where in all probability they would have fallen a sacri-

fice to a stronger party of Carlist Cavalry, who were coming to the aid of their comrades, had it not been for a spirited movement made by the staff, who suddenly formed into two squadrons, and presented a front which had the effect of checking the advance of the enemy's reinforcement, and enabling our own party to get off.

January 8th.—Vitoria is decidedly, to us, a most unhealthy place, and its air promises more destruction to the Legion, than the bullets of the Carlists. The climate, in every sense, appears like that of England, clear, cold, and bracing; and yet there are few of us who have not our health materially affected, since our arrival. We are, and have been, burying from six to eight men a day for the last fortnight, and five officers have fallen victims to the epidemic. The general complaint is the unhealthy and uncomfortable state of the hospitals, and the Spanish authorities are unwilling to afford any assistance to render them better, or in any way ameliorate the sufferings of the poor English soldier. The difference is striking in the hospitals,—each Spaniard has a

comfortable bed, while, in many cases, the English have none whatever. Things are said to have been better managed in Portugal under Mr. Alcock, who is *second* in rank of the Medical Department here.

Instances have occurred of the men creeping into corners of the cold convent, where they were quartered, and having actually been drawn out dead. In one of these churches where my regiment is quartered, no less than from thirty to forty men a day have been sent into hospital; these poor fellows had one bed, about the width of a sofa, to every five men.

January 10th.—No rencontre yet with the enemy, nor does it seem likely. The Carlists appear to be in no way inclined to provoke us to an engagement, nor is it our object to go in search of them. As it is, we shall work our way quietly, and gradually, to Pampeluna, occupying in succession, the thickly scattered villages that lie in the vallies between it and Vitoria. The French Legion is expected in a day or two, when our two remaining brigades will, in all probability,

wholly evacuate the place, to make room for them, and push our advance to Pampeluna, without troubling ourselves with Salvatierra at all.

January 12th.—To-day, a part of the Legion from Africa, three thousand five hundred strong, marched into Vitoria. They are, in general, a fine body of men—principally Poles, Germans, and Belgians—but I confess I looked in vain for the martial air of the French soldier. Of these, actually, there did not appear to be one hundred, all of whom were easily distinguishable, by their dark features and moustache, from the fair complexioned and light haired northerns. The dress of these men is precisely that of the Chapelgorris—red caps, red trousers, and a bluish-grey great coat, with this difference only, that, instead of the black pouch-belt around the waist, they wear the white cross-belts of regular troops. Several of them had evidently seen hard service, and the faces of more than one presented undeniable evidence of having been in close contact with the Arab sabre. On the whole, they may be considered a valuable addition to our

force; and what the mere soldier may have principally to regret is, that the war will, in consequence of their arrival, be finished too soon. In truth, the game is now nearly up with Don Carlos. From Pampeluna to Medina del Pomar, the cordon has been established, which shuts him completely into the mountains; and, as we shall move gradually and slowly on, driving them before us, Estella, Durango, and what few other places of any strength they at present hold, must, of necessity, fall into our hands; until, in the end, they will not have a single roof under which to shelter themselves, or a depôt whence to draw their supplies.

A report has been some days in circulation here, that the valley of Rongal, and two or three others in Navarre, have declared in favor of the Queen. If this be a fact, there is no doubt the example will be followed;—in which case Don Carlos may recommend his cause to his General-in-chief, the Virgin Mary, for, without the interposition of a miracle, his case will be a hopeless one. There is also another report in circulation,

namely, that the head of Espartero had been demanded in the chamber of Madrid, for his massacre of the Chapelgorris. This report, however, requires confirmation.

January, 16th.—Yesterday there was a grand movement of the troops; the English marching forward from the villages they occupied, in the direction of Salvatierra;—the French Legion and Cordova, on the road to France;—and the division of Espartero, on that of Bilbao. At an early hour, Cordova found himself engaged, and the action lasted until midnight. It terminated, however, without any decided advantage to either party, each occupying its own ground at the close. To-day, a good number of wounded have come in, (about 150), and a few of the French Legion. The English, on the right, had but little work, the principal force of the Carlists having been collected in the centre of those three roads already named. One or two only were killed, and two officers, and three privates, wounded. A gallant charge was made on this occasion by the Grenadier company of the 3rd, who drove half a

battalion of Carlists, at the point of the bayonet, from a wood of which they had taken possession, and which they at first showed symptoms of determination to hold. At the close of this charge, the officer commanding it, Captain Fitzgerald, was wounded in the leg, and borne off the field. Of nine officers of the Queen's army wounded, there were two of Cordova's personal staff,—one a Captain Santrago Y'Hoppè.

January 19th.—This day the Spanish and English head-quarters returned to Vitoria, the several divisions of the combined army having fallen back upon the villages they had previously occupied. An attempt at advance was indeed impracticable, by reason of the dense fog and frost, that has continued to prevail for several days. The only casualties that have occurred, since the 16th, have been the deaths of a Sergeant of the 2nd regiment, and a young man in the Commissariat, (a Mr. Street), both of whom were shot in advance of the troops, while entering a village they supposed to be perfectly safe. The bodies are said to have been immediately stripped,

and shockingly mangled. The servant of Mr. Street, a man of the 7th, who was with his master at the time, had a most narrow escape, having received at least a dozen lance wounds in various parts of his body. So closely was his contest with the man who attacked him carried on, that he repeatedly grappled with the lance, in a vain endeavor to wrest it from his enemy, whose horse he twice threw down by passing under him. He is now in the hospital for the wounded here, and with every fair chance of recovering.

January 22nd.—Vitoria may, in truth, be said at this moment to be the city of death. Day after day, the poor fellows of our Legion are carried, in bullock carts, to their graves, and all they have to cover them is a sheet;—the officers, long unpaid by the Spanish Government, being utterly unable to afford their men the customary means of interment. The prevailing fever has at length been pronounced by the faculty, to be typhus of the worst kind. Whatever it be, it is making fearful ravages in the Legion;—and as I have, for my sins, been appointed to the office of

Commandant of Vitoria, pro-temp—I have, unfortunately, too many opportunities of seeing into its extent:—nor do the officers suffer less in proportion. We have already buried eight, including one major and four captains, while many more are expected to follow.

Captain Santrago Y'Hoppè, Cordova's Aid-de-camp, who had died of his wounds, received on the 16th, was buried yesterday, and the manner of interment pleased me much. Instead of the lid of the coffin being screwed down, as with us, it was carried separately by four bearers. The body itself, partly visible above the edge of its last tenement, was habited in full uniform,—the arms were folded across the chest, and the features, placid to a degree, seemed rather to wear the repose of slumber, than of death. The cocked hat placed on the top of the head, moreover, lent to the whole an ensemble as touching as it was military in effect, and, as a soldier, I felt that thus I should wish to be borne to my grave, after falling in the field of glory.

January 24th.—To-day I rode out with Colonel

Wylde, (who has been almost constantly with the Legion, and who, by his sound advice, based on his intimate and accurate knowledge of the country, and of the contending parties, has, on more occasions than one, considerably advantaged our cause,) to see the combined force of Spaniards, French, and English, who were making a demonstration in front of the castle of Guabara; but all their efforts to draw the enemy out proved ineffectual. With the black flag flying at the top of the building, they prudently kept themselves under cover of its walls, content, as usual, with exchanging a few long shots. Two parties of cavalry, however, met, and in a successful charge by that of the Queen, a Carlist Lieutenant-Colonel was made prisoner. He was immediately run through the body by a dozen lances, in revenge, as the Spaniards said, for the brutal murder of Mr. Street. The movement towards Guabara was intended, principally, to cover an advance of Espartero. The day was exceedingly fine, and the *coup d'œil* offered by the various divisions and brigades in position, highly picturesque:—nor was the

effect less striking, as they moved off, in succession, to occupy the various bivouacks of the morning.

By the way, I cannot understand how it is that this same Castle of Guabarra is suffered to continue a monument of our inertness! It is true the Carlists have so barricaded the approaches, that but one man can enter at a time, and that, I believe, sideways, whence it might result it could not be stormed without immense sacrifice of life; but what, in the name of heaven, is the use of our artillery? We have some of the most splendid battering pieces (Spanish 24's) I ever beheld; and, albeit, no engineer, I would engage to bring the walls of Guabarra about the ears of the Carlists in less than a week. At present there are too many flags of truce coming in from the enemy, under pretence of an exchange of prisoners, to please me; and, contrary to all usage, the bearers are suffered to enter the place without being blindfolded:—of course with full power to ascertain its defences. I would there were fewer flags of truce admitted into Vitoria, and more hard blows without its walls!

January 26th. — The true position of the Legion, which I have cursorily touched upon, some few days since, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, was as follows:—On the 15th, Evans received Cordova's order to march on the Salvatierra road, and engage the attention of the enemy at a small village then occupied by them, called Mendigar, while he moved by the centre. Four Carlist battalions made their appearance, one of which only had possession of the village, from which they were driven several times in the course of the day. True to his instructions, which were to act chiefly on the defensive, the Lieutenant-General caused the regiment then engaged, to retire upon the main body. This emboldened the enemy, who threw half a battalion in advance, into a wood at the foot of the village, from whence they kept up a smart fire. It was at this crisis that a company of the 3rd were thrown forward, who, with the usual war cry, dashed into the wood at the point of the bayonet, and cleared it, although opposed by double their number. *Par parenthèse*, we may as well remark, that the 3rd, or Westminster

Grenadiers, are part of the "Isle of Dogians," whose original appearance excited so much mirth among the Tories, and whom I had the *honor* to command at their first formation. Night put an end to the partial contest, and the General retired, as commanded, into cantonments.

On the following day, having heard a continual firing on the left, in the direction Cordova had taken, he moved the Legion to the heights of Zoazo and Marietta, about a league and a half from Cordova's position, there to await any order that might arrive from that General. But, although there was an incessant fire kept up throughout the day, no directions were sent to General Evans, as to what course he was to pursue; here, therefore, they bivouacked. On the close of the 18th the Lieutenant-General, still uncertain as to the actual position of Cordova, determined on taking a party of dragoons, and, with his staff, repair across the enemy's country to ascertain the true state of affairs.

The ride, as described to me, must have been most ludicrously performed, it being at the

utmost speed, and across an uneven country. Two or three were thrown from their horses, and the alarm depicted on their countenances, as each imagined himself left behind, was most felicitously portrayed, and did justice to the narrator.

On their arrival at the heights of Arlaban, to their surprise, they fell in with the rear of Cordova's army, in full retreat towards Vitoria, the General at their head. Thus left to act for himself, General Evans returned instantly to the Legion, laboring under the very natural apprehension, that the whole of the Carlist force would be directed upon them in the absence of Cordova. Fortunately, the weather was foggy, and particularly so on that evening. At twelve at night the brigades were ordered to descend the heights with as little noise as possible, and cross the Zadora river, which they had traversed the day before. This movement was executed under the superintendence of the General in person, who felt all the importance of getting out of sight of the Carlist battalions before day-light. In a few hours the whole of the Legion had passed the Zadora, and

taken up a position in its rear. Cordova says that he had dispatched two or three of his aids-de-camp successively to the General, all of whom, however, reported that they had lost their way.

January 30th.—This morning an officer of my regiment recounted to me an anecdote, which might have formed an excellent subject for the pencil of the painter. It appears that he was sent with some particular order from the commanding officer to the junior Major, stationed at the time with the right wing, in the rear, off the high road. Soon after his arrival, the sounds of three or four shots were heard, and the whole Grenadier company were marched silently, and cautiously, in the direction of the road, from which the reports were heard. The cause was soon ascertained. From a particular angle in the advance, open only to the view of the leading officers, three Carlist Lancers were seen cutting down a few unarmed men of the Legion, in charge of mules, laden with provisions. The position at which the officer of Grenadiers had halted, commanded a singularly picturesque view.

One Carlist soldier had already possessed himself of the string of mules, and was riding off with them, while his companions engaged in an unequal struggle with the English, who defended themselves as well as they could. At this crisis Captain De Koven, commanding the Grenadiers, ordered a few files to the front, and pointing out the scene that was acting below, bade them fire. The discharge was made just at the moment when the Carlist officer's lance was thrust into the body of a man of the 4th regiment, who had the instant before fallen from one of their Carbines, and, as a retribution, strange to say, the officer was the only individual who fell. The remainder of the party instantly fled, and when the Grenadiers entered the road, they found him lying dead close to the body of his victim, who was dead also. As for the poor devils of men thus providentially rescued, they were so surprised by the sound of the shots, and the sudden flight of their opponents, when they had given themselves up for lost, that they scarcely knew whether they stood on their heads or their heels. The Carlist

officer was a fine young man, and my informant was standing ruminating over the body, when the Major, a gallant fellow, who had seen service throughout the whole of the war in Spain, and who wore the Waterloo medal at his breast, said, while composedly taking snuff—"why what the devil are you looking at—feel him man—feel him —(at the same time pointing to his sash). The hint was instantly obeyed, but no doubloons were forthcoming; and, indeed, all the riches of the Carlist (his horse having fled with the others) seemed to consist in his sword and a small brass trumpet, of which the young officer immediately possessed himself. The cool and matter-of-course manner, in which the Major proffered his rebuke, was so characteristic of the old soldier, accustomed to these sort of things, that it forms, in my opinion, the best part of the affair. The Carlist who had taken the mules off, was so terrified at the discharge, that he let go the string, and, the others not stopping to secure them, they were all retaken.

CHAPTER VII.

A LONG HIATUS IN THE JOURNAL OCCASIONED BY TYPHUS—RAVAGES OF THIS DISEASE AMONG THE TROOPS—INHUMANITY OF THE INHABITANTS OF VITORIA—BILLETING—THE EMPEROR JAHANGUEIAR'S LAWS THEREUPON—INSUFFICIENCY OF SUPPLIES TO THE SICK BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES—CHANGES IN THE LEGION—BREAKING UP OF THE 2ND AND 5TH REGIMENTS FROM EXCESSIVE WEAKNESS OF NUMBERS—CHANGES IN THE STAFF—THE LONDONDERRY HOAX—REMARKS THEREUPON—SIR JOHN ELLEY'S AND COLONEL THOMPSON'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—BITTERNESS OF THE MORNING HERALD AGAINST THE QUEEN'S CAUSE—ITS CORRESPONDENT SUPPOSED TO BE A HIRED AGENT OF DON CARLOS—THE CHARACTER OF THE ISLE O'DOGIANS VINDICATED—RETURN OF GENERAL M'DOUGALL FROM MADRID—OBJECT OF HIS MISSION.

February 30th.—A long hiatus in my journal: thank God, it is not an eternal one. I am just recovering from typhus fever, which has continued to rage through Vitoria with increased violence. We have lost upwards of 700 men and forty officers, exclusive of those who have died elsewhere, since Christmas.

Death has ceased to be looked upon as an extraordinary visitor, and the common question among officers, is,—"who is dead to-day?" alluding to themselves. Among those attacked is Colonel Kinlock, of the Lancers, on whom the command of the brigade of cavalry has recently devolved:—An officer of some standing in the British service, and a great favorite here. I attribute my attack to mixing much with the convalescents, in my unenviable capacity of Commandant of Vitoria, assigned me prior to my illness. The officer who succeeded me, died a few days afterwards, although I had left him in perfect health. Two other captains, who, like myself, had been much with the convalescents, died also. As for the men, the mortality amongst them is truly awful. Nearly half of my company of the 2nd are dead; and officers and men are, by general order, buried without military honors of any kind. For nine days I was totally insensible, and attribute my eventual recovery to the unremitting care and attention of Mr. Duplex, surgeon of the Rifles, whose assiduity to me, while his patient, I feel great pleasure in acknowledging. He, poor fellow, had scarcely pro-

nounced me out of danger, when he was attacked most seriously by the same malady himself, and is, at this moment, confined to his bed, although recovering. It is remarkable that twelve medical officers have fallen victims to this cruel disease.

The natives of Vitoria, long exempt, have caught the epidemic at last; and, it must be confessed, few of us have the humanity to grieve at it, for they have been uniformly disobliging. When Mr. Duplex was first attacked, he was with his regiment, some miles out of town; and when brought in, in a litter, suffering much, he was kept for four hours in the streets, opposite the entrance of the *casa*, on which a billet had already been obtained, before he could gain admission; and even *then* a party of Spanish soldiers were compelled to force the door.

But this is no solitary instance. Before I was taken ill, a servant came to me one evening, stating that his master, an assistant surgeon of cavalry, on outpost duty, was dying in the street, the people of his former billet refusing to take him in. I hastened to the spot, and found the

officer insensible, as represented; but vain were my attempts to gain an entrance. The woman of the *casa*, who was even a greater vociferator than her husband, said he had no right to come back to them, having once left his billet. To cut the matter short, and fully resolved not to concede my point, I went to the alcalde's, at no great distance, and procured a billet upon the same house. Even with this I could not succeed in getting the poor officer in, without exposing him to great inconvenience, from the incivility of the inmates; and I was obliged to exchange his billet to another quarter of the town. But repeated instances have occurred of the sort, all showing the disinclination of the inhabitants to accommodate us in the slightest degree.

There is this to be said on the other hand, that billeting must be a great annoyance to the person billeted upon, and, although highly convenient for an army, a principle by no means founded on justice. As an illustration of this, I cannot do better than quote one of the laws of the Eastern Emperor, Jahangueiar. "No person was per-

mitted to take up his abode, obtrusively, in the dwelling of any subject of the realm; on the contrary, when individuals serving in the armies of the state, came into any town, and could, without compulsion, secure an abode by rent, it were commendable; otherwise, they were to pitch their tents without the place, and prepare habitations for themselves. For what grievance could be more irksome to the subject, than to see a perfect stranger obtrude into the bosom of his family, and take possession, probably, of the most convenient part of his dwelling, leaving to his wife and children, peradventure, not space enough to stretch out an arm."—A lesson to us moderns!

But God knows, the people of Vitoria have not so much reason to complain. Billeting is confined solely to the officers of the Legion. Unlike the Spanish troops, who are completely housed, the men, while here, were put into convents, damp, impure, and unhealthy; and two regiments (the 2nd and 5th, since broken up for their weakness,) had no other place whereon to lay their wearied bones, than the damp cold stones of a church,

which has literally destroyed them. The effects were not immediately felt, but they failed not to develope themselves at the proper season. The hospitals were filled with these unfortunate fellows, and the other day, the 2nd regiment, admittedly the finest in the service while at Bilbao, could not muster 150 men on parade. The Spanish authorities, moreover, instead of seeking to ameliorate the condition of these men, by furnishing beds and blankets, threw every obstacle in the way;—and through them principally, I have no hesitation in stating, the Legion is not what it might have been expected. To crown all, there has been no pay for months, and even the rations have been very irregularly issued.

March 5th.—Sad changes in the Legion during my illness; the 2nd and 5th regiments have been broken up, and the officers and men transferred to other corps;—all in consequence of their having been infamously billeted in a cold church, in the midst of winter. These regiments formed one brigade, and were the only unfortunates so quartered. Two brigades have also been broken up,

General M'Dougall, having accepted the situation of quarter-master-general, and Brigadier Evans being on the Lieutenant-General's staff;—there are consequently now but three brigades, thus distributed, Shaw's 7th, 9th, and 10th (Irish) Chichester's 1st, 4th, and 8th, and Reid's (very ill with typhus) the light brigade, 3rd, 6th, and rifles. Great changes have, moreover, been effected in the staff; all the old British officers being required for regimental duty, and their places being supplied by foreigners, who of course understand little of British military tactics. The loss of officers, by death, resignations, and dismissal, may be computed great, since it is notorious, that General Evans found no other difficulty in appointing those of the 2nd and 5th to other regiments, than what originated in the dates of commissions. Lord William Paget is almost the only English officer on the Lieutenant-General's personal staff, exclusively of Colonel Considine, the military secretary, whose services have, throughout, been to him of the most active and invaluable nature.

March 10th.—We have been greatly amused

latterly, by the hoax played off on Lord Londonderry, who, it appears, went into the house pregnant with charges of the severest kind, both against Lord Melbourne and the "English mercenaries:"—certainly, if we are to believe the papers, he staggered the former, at least, by insisting so pertinaciously, that the information supplied him, of the murder, in cold blood, of 130 prisoners by British soldiers, was correct. His Lordship must have supposed our natures changed with our service, to have given credence, for one moment, to such a report. Had he said it was our determination to *take no prisoners*, he would have been nearer the mark. The best of the thing is, that we have had no opportunity of taking prisoners; while, as for the men going, drunk, into action, the Legion is, on the contrary, remarkable for its sobriety. The men have endured much privation and illness—with heroic firmness, and are well worthy the name of soldiers. But since his Lordship of Londonderry is so extremely horrified at the bare supposition of Carlist blood being shed by us, in the manner he describes, what will

he say to the following letter written by the commander-in-chief of Don Carlos's Army, and dated Sornoza, Feb. 3rd:

"Excellent Sir,

"I have received the following dispatch from General Don Bruno Villa Real, dated yesterday:—"This morning I sent out a detachment of cavalry on a reconnoitring party, in the direction of the fields of Salvatierra, and the environs of Vitoria. Two soldiers, belonging to the lancers of Biscay, whose names are Juan Bautista Arostoguira, and Juan de Moya, actually advanced to the gates of Vitoria, *and although only armed with their swords, made four English lancers prisoners*, who will *this day be shot*. You will be pleased to make this extraordinary brave conduct known to his Majesty, and to entreat that the two soldiers may receive the bounty of one real per day, for the rest of their lives.

(Signed) Count de Casa Eguiea."

Now, if this be not shooting men in cold blood, I am sure I know not what is; but that which is

venial in a Carlist, is, in Lord Londonderry's eyes, criminal and revolting to a degree, with us. And yet, if common justice were our guide, why should we hesitate in putting to death men who would infallibly shoot us if taken prisoners, the next hour? But the fact is, it was hoped that in combating thus, we should fight under a two-fold disadvantage, to ourselves. Not so. The men, as well as officers, knowing what awaits them, are determined to fight to the last drop of their blood, rather than be taken; and if ever we encounter the Carlists in an open country, woe be unto them, for the exterminating bayonet will know no destination in its course. The Tories talk of its being a cruel war;—it *is* a cruel war—a war unheard of, even among savages; but there are those among us who seriously believe—who all along have believed, that Don Carlos would not have *dared* to issue his decree, had it not been for certain of the Tories themselves. Foiled in their attempt to cast odium upon the cause of the Queen, in both Houses, their last resource was to terrify the men who had embarked in it, by suggesting to Don

Carlos their instant immolation, if taken. But they have defeated their own object; and we despise their intrigues not less than we laugh to scorn the impotent threats of their cowardly tool in the support of Toryism. He take us prisoners! He may get hold of a few stragglers, but he will never conquer us as a body. By the way, I may as well observe that the *two* English lancers *said* to be taken by two Carlists, were men who had gone out in the usual dress of troopers, exercising their horses, consequently without arms of any description. "What a story," as the *Sun* justly observes, "to write a dispatch about, from the commander-in-chief of an army." However, it only proves how much they make of capturing an English soldier at all, armed or unarmed!

While on this subject two remarks may not be inappropriate. When the topic was discussed in the House of Commons, on Mr. Maclean's motion, Sir John Elley,—whose advice during the last session, to have our Treasury well filled, I perfectly recollect, and have often, while moneyless for months, thought of since,—when he assured the

house that 1400 of the Legion had perished in their attempt to cross the Durango, in Espartero's unfortunate affair before Bilbao, was totally and essentially incorrect. Not a man of the Legion suffered in the manner described by him, but two companies of Spaniards did; the total loss of the British was, in short, what I have shown it to be in a former notice.

In another part of the same debate, Colonel Thompson, who announced that he was in correspondence with General Evans, alluded to the "misadventure" at Hernani, which he based on the ground of the men not being two-months-old soldiers; I do not think General Evans admits a defeat at Hernani, if such is meant, by the term "misadventure;" I certainly do *not*, nor ever will, seeing that we fully accomplished our original object, in dislodging the enemy from the first hill. The attack upon Santa Barbara was, to use a vulgarism, an "after clap," and by no means intended by the General at the outset. In fact, the whole affair was more matter of amusement than anything else. The day was beautiful, and the

scene lovely, (even amidst fire,) beyond anything I had ever witnessed. So little had an attack upon the enemy been contemplated, that the officers of my regiment appeared in full uniform (it being Sunday) on the glacis; and our jackets and forage caps were brought afterwards to the ground from the convent of San Francisco, when we heard it was likely we should see the enemy. It is true, that when we found one regiment of English, and two of Spaniards, insufficient to carry the almost perpendicular crags of Santa Barbara, offering cover in every part to the assailed, we drew off our men and retired; while at the same time, the enemy, true to his system, came down from his position, and smartly attacked us in flank. But what did this prove? It was seven o'clock before we thought of retiring, and it not being our intention to bivouack on the ground, it was high time, at that hour, to return to San Sebastian, and our nearly unprotected convent. We did so; and I can safely say, that my company never exceeded an ordinary march, that is, the usual quick march, during any one part of the

time. When we reached San Sebastian it was quite dark.

Retiring thus, as of necessity we must, and after having accomplished our original intention, I cannot admit the affair of Hernani to have been any thing approaching to a defeat on our part. The enemy, on the contrary, sustained defeat, being driven from his original position. I have been thus diffuse in my second allusion to this affair, because the various accounts that have been published of it in England, are all at issue with the truth. As for the Carlists claiming any sort of victory there, the idea is absurd!

The true cause of the judicious retreat from the heights of Arlaban, under cover of the fog, alluded to in the same debate, will be found in my notes of the 26th of January.

March 14th. — The *Morning Herald*,—whose vainly disguised *acharnement* leads it into a thousand ridiculous reports of our Legion, and whose hostility to the Queen's cause is only to be exceeded by that of the Marquess of Londonderry, in the House of Lords,—after exulting over the capture

of two insignificant fortresses, Balmaceda and Mercandillo, (the latter of which we never heard named before,) asks, with much *naïvetè*, "where was the British Legion, which ought to have guarded these passes? Where was Espartero? Where was Cordova?" We can tell this organ of Carlism:—Cordova was on the French frontier; The British Legion were fortifying the important pass of Treviño;—and Espartero was completely defeating a battalion of Carlists, who were on their march, with the intention of crossing the Ebro; but who met with a fate similar to that of the more daring Batanero, who had the impudence to advance upon Madrid with 1,500 men, but who deemed himself fortunate in recrossing with one tenth of the number.

The copy of the *Herald*, in which these queries are so exultingly put, was lying by my side on my convalescent bed, even at the moment when Espartero arrived, conducting 200 prisoners, of the battalion destroyed by him, into the plaza, by beat of drum. They are all, I learn from those who have seen them, young men, and well dressed,

in order to cheat the simple Quintas into the belief, that Don Carlos's army is wholly so equipped, and thus induce them to join him.

Apropos des bottes.—Is the man who writes in the Morning Herald from Oñate generally, *bonâ fide*, the correspondent of that paper? Or, what appears more probable, is he the hired agent of Don Carlos, paid for puffing off his resources, and the prosperous state of his cause? No one could assume that an Englishman, much less a person who, it may be presumed, would be very much offended were he not called an English *Gentleman*, would write thus of his own countrymen. There is an old and vulgar proverb, which, in this instance, seems highly applicable:—"It is a dirty bird that fouls its own nest."

It is in order to give the most direct contradiction to these statements—statements as false as they are injurious to our reputation in England,—that I hasten to publish this first volume of notes, which, perhaps, had never else been given to the world, certainly not in their present rude state. I have obtained sick leave for a few weeks, and I

shall avail myself of the opportunity of publishing, not hearsay reports given by hireling scribes of the enemy, but the impartial account of an officer, who has been present with the Legion from its first formation, and to whom its sufferings, its privations, its good conduct, and its courage are equally familiar. That a wrong impression of the Legion has gone abroad, we are aware,—yet why? Are not the men Englishmen, though enlisted in a foreign service? Or, is it supposed, that because some of them were in rags at home, they should not make as good soldiers as the stupid awkward looking dolt of a peasant, who repairs comfortably dressed in his smock-frock, to be enlisted in a regiment in England? For instance, no men could be in a greater state of destitution than those enlisted in London, and sent to the Isle of Dogs;—and where are there better soldiers than these have turned out? The regiments into which they were enlisted, were the 1st and 3rd, the corps that have principally distinguished themselves hitherto; while as a proof of their good conduct, I may remark, that the

Lieutenant-General distributed orders, sent from Madrid for the express purpose, to nearly a dozen men of each of these corps, the other day in the Plaza. No others than these got them—so much more for the "Isle o' Dogians." We are ready to admit that the men have endured great privations, still they have been ever willing to do their duty in the field. That they have accomplished but little hitherto, is no fault of theirs, but of their enemies. But this defence of the Legion is principally intended as a contradiction, not only to what almost daily emanates from the Herald, but to the statements of officers, who, dismissed the service, have found no greater gratification than in reporting unfavorably of it at home.

By the way, a most wanton outrage connected with the capture of these men, has just been communicated to me by Colonel Boyd:—A fine fellow, an officer of dragoons of Espartero's division, who was billeted in the same house with the Colonel, and for whom he had conceived a strong prepossession, was of the party attacking. The prisoners were disarmed, as usual, with the

exception of one man, who, by some accident, retained his musket. The officer of Dragoons (Captain Elio) was immediately in front, when this scoundrel, instigated by God knows what motive, levelled his piece and fired. The ball entered the back of the unfortunate Elio's head, and he fell dead from his horse five minutes afterwards, and the Carlist was cut into as many hundred pieces. The corpse of poor Elio was brought into Vitoria, and buried with military honors.

March 14th.—Treviño, to which, allusion has so often been made, is remarkable principally as a military position, and commands the main road. It was taken at the outset of the war by Zumalacarregui, and retaken by the Queen's troops. It is situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, on which is a castle capable of strong defence, and, although a deep snow lay upon the ground, it was otherwise put in a complete state of resistance by the British Legion, about a month absent on that duty. They now re-occupy the village in the neighborhood of Vitoria, leaving

the safe custody of Treviño to a detachment of Spaniards, A singular custom prevails here—Treviño is a district in itself, and gives its name to several of the adjacent villages; the Alcaldes of which are compelled to send men, when required, to the capital. In the present instance, it chanced that all the young *paysans* were absent, having entered into the service, either of Don Carlos, or of the Queen. As substitutes for these, the young women were sent to work, and I understand it was pitiable to see them ascend to the walls, with baskets full of rubbish on their heads, at six o'clock in the morning, and in the severest cold know in Spain for years. Some of these young women were exceedingly good looking.

March 16th.—Brigadier-General M'Dougall, who had accompanied Colonel Wylde to Madrid, for the purpose of conferring with Mendizabel, and expostulating on the neglected state of the Legion, has just returned, with the assurance that money will be had immediately, and men and officers paid all their arrears up to March.

This will place us on an entirely new footing, and we shall enter the ensuing campaign under the most favorable auspices;—ensuing, I have said, but the whole of our past winter has been a campaign, for the Legion have been for months moving in the midst of winter, and occupying the most miserable villages, although it is true there has been little or no fighting. Hence one of the great causes of our disease, which, instead of exciting the sympathy of our enemies at home, seems to have pleased them much. Let them exult as they may, over the deaths of some sixty officers and 700 men, and although we are thus much reduced, they may send their Carlists from the mountains, in which they are hidden, as soon as they will!

CHAPTER VIII.

PITIABLE CONDITION OF THE CONVALESCENTS—REMOVAL OF HEAD QUARTERS TO ARANJUES—DISTRIBUTION OF THE LEGION—DEFEAT OF THE CARLISTS BY ESPARTERO'S DIVISION AT ORDUNA—HIS REAL FORCE—PARTICULARS OF ESPARTERO'S ACTION—GALLANT CONDUCT OF A SPANISH CORPORAL—ITS REWARD—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF TRAITORS IN VITORIA—THEIR TRIAL AND EXECUTION BY THE GARROTTE IN THE PLAZA—ATTEMPT OF VILLA REAL TO SAVE THEM.

March 17th.—This Morning, after six weeks confinement, I, for the first time, left my bed, but found the effect of the fever so debilitating, that I could scarcely stand. However, a pure air and a genial clime will soon restore me. While inhaling the air at the front *balcon* of my lodgings, I saw a painful exhibition. It was that of the convalescents, 518 in number, marching out from the convent of Santa Clara to a

distant building without the walls. They were pitiable objects like myself, scarcely able to move, from the effects of Typhus.

March 20th.—This day the head-quarters of General Evans moved from Vitoria, in front of the enemy's position at Guabarra. The ravages of Typhus are beginning somewhat to diminish, and, as abundance of clothing of all kinds has arrived from England for the men, we may be certain of opening the campaign under the most favorable auspices. The following is the distribution of the Legion:—Head quarters, 6th and 8th, Aranjues; 9th and 10th regiments, one troop of Lancers, Ferondis; 7th regiment, Mendiguron; two troops of 1st Lancers, one company 9th regiment, Venta de Mendiguron; three troops of 1st Lancers, Antezana; 1st regiment Brigadier Chichester, and Rocket Troop, Abechuco; 2nd Lancers, Arriaga and Abechuco; 3rd regiment, Arriaga; 4th and Rifles, Bitonia; Artillery—Provisional Battalion Depôt of Cavalry, Vitoria.

March 21st.—To-day Espartero, who had again

left Vitoria for Orduña, with his division returned from the latter place, having had another severe engagement with the Carlists, of whom he killed 500, putting as many more *hors de combat*. His own loss, in killed, I could not learn exactly, but I believe it is trifling. He has brought in 207 wounded, chiefly slightly. Hearing considerable cheering in the Callè Santa Clara, adjoining my lodgings, I went out for the first time, and saw Espartero's division, covered with dust, and bearing every other evidence of fatigue. The cheering I found to be occasioned by the distribution of orders of merit to the officers and men who most distinguished themselves, by Cordova himself, who is here, and empowered as Commander-in-Chief thus to act.

From the prisoners we learn that the force of the enemy has been much exaggerated. Don Carlos has, in all, forty battalions, of from 600 to 800 men, and these are variously distributed throughout the provinces, under different leaders; the men have not received pay for six months, and altogether they begin to tire of this protracted

service. A Mr. Wilkinson, who was dismissed from our service, went over to them from Treviño. They have, in all, two companies of Englishmen, principally composed of deserters from us. The manner in which they endeavor to recruit from our ranks, is worthy of themselves. When a deserter arrives, they compel him, under pain of death, to write to his comrades that the service is excellent; that they receive double rations; that their pay is regularly issued; and that forty dollars are given to each on his arrival. They are thus, from dread, made to write the most gross falsehoods, while literally starving themselves; and the letters are forwarded by post, or peasants hired for the purpose, to their comrades. Several scoundrels have nibbled at the false bait, until fairly hooked; but they are few in number. The sooner they were got rid of from the Legion the better.

The above information has been obtained, not from the prisoners by the way, but from a non-commissioned officer of the ranks, who has been with them from the first, and who came over, with

his whole picquet, to Espartero, the evening before the action. Forty pieces of cannon compose the whole train of the Carlists, of which, he declares, only four are mounted in the castle of Guabarra. The rest, like the battalions, are distributed about in different positions. No bounty whatever is given. By the bye, this man states a curious circumstance:—He was at the affair of Hernani, and declares that an English serjeant, who had gone over a few days previously, was killed on the side of Santa Barbara, and rolled down a part of the hill. This could be no other than Serjeant Prendeville, of my company, named in the early part of my notes. Indeed, I remember a man of that description was conspicuous in the affair of that day, and that he was repeatedly fired at by an officer of the 7th regiment. Whether he killed him or not, remains unknown:—a just retribution.

March 22nd.—As it is probable that, according to custom, the Carlists may claim a victory over Espartero, in the Tory papers, the following may be relied upon as correct:—General Espeleta,

with his division, was fortifying Balmaceda, from which the Carlists had been expelled, and strengthening a castle near it. Finding himself much annoyed by the enemy, he sent to Cordova for a reinforcement. Two battalions of the guard were accordingly dispatched from this, under the safe escort of Espartero's division. The object being effected, and the guards being left with Espeleta, Espartero made the best of his way towards Vitoria, accompanied, for a short distance, by two battalions under General Rivero. He had entered Orduña, where his men halted to refresh themselves, when it was reported that the enemy, in great force, were coming down upon him. He immediately collected his scattered men, and took up a position outside the town. The army of Egueia halted on the opposite height, and the action became general. Espartero waited until, as had been previously arranged, General Rivero, with his two battalions, took the enemy in flank, when he charged them with the bayonet. The routed battalions of Egueia fled in great disorder, and the result was, what has already been given.

The Carlists had eighteen battalions; Espartero, eleven.

A corporal of Espartero's division distinguished himself on the occasion, and was particularly presented to Cordova by his general, on the arrival of the corps in Vitoria. Espartero also proposed to Cordova that the man should receive the order of Christino, with a pension. Cordova then asked the corporal which he would prefer; the order of Fernando, which was merely honorary, or that of Christino, with the pension? The corporal unhesitatingly chose the former; on which Cordova, pleased with his spirit and high feeling, told him to come to his apartments, on the dismissal of his company from parade, and he would give him one year's pension out of his own purse,—an example which was instantly followed by Espartero.

The cross of Fernando was formerly very select, and, in Ferdinand's time, was accorded only for very distinguished services, and to military officers of high rank.

March 22nd.—A serious and important discovery has just been made. Desertions have latterly

been numerous; and the men deserting have, as I before remarked, been compelled by the enemy to put letters in the post office through the medium of peasantry, or have them personally conveyed through these latter. A serjeant Richardson, who had deserted, sent in a letter to his nephew, who was then sick in hospital, urging him to join the Carlist ranks. This man, whose name was Nangles, immediately communicated the contents of the letter to Captain Byrne, Paymaster of the 7th, who at once acted on the information. As the letter stated, that a certain baker of the place (Jose d'Elozegui) would afford the necessary assistance, to him the soldier was enjoined to go. The baker at first hesitated, but when he saw the post mark, and the writing of the serjeant, whom he had known, he at once avowed himself an agent of Don Carlos, and offered his services. The man, as previously instructed, said that a serjeant and several soldiers of his regiment were anxious to desert also, and a night was fixed for their departure. On the night in question, Captain Byrne, who had previously

communicated with Colonel Considine, repaired to Don Jose's house, disguised as a serjeant, and accompanied by several men. A spy had been previously provided, who was to act as guide, and conduct the party to the head quarters of the enemy—Don Jose promising to give a letter of introduction to Villa Real. The letter, however, he contrived to withhold, from some motive —perhaps of prudence—and Captain Byrne set out, with his party, from Don Jose's house, without it. At the gate leading out of the town, Captain Byrne and his Companions seized the spy, and handed him over to the guard; then hastening to Colonel Considine, and acquainting him with what he had done, they both repaired to the house of the traitor Elozegui, and instantly secured and confined him. He is this day to be tried before a Spanish tribunal, when it is hoped he will suffer death. My servant Paul shrugs his shoulders and says *not*, and for this reason, that he is wealthy, and has plenty of ounces!

Don Jose, it must be remarked, (for all are Dons here) was principal baker, and a contractor

for the supply of provisions—consequently possessed great facilities of communication with the men. It is now supposed that the illness which has so long prevailed in Vitoria, is mainly attributed to his having mixed something deleterious with the flour. But in this opinion, although assured of its truth by the Lieutenant-General himself, I do not join. Our fever was, I fancy, (indeed it has been pronounced) honest downright Typhus.

March 25th.—Last night there was great ringing of bells, and other rejoicings among the loyal Spaniards of this place, in consequence of the reported intervention of England in their cause. The news was communicated to the Lieutenant-General, who had received a dispatch from Lord John Hay, on the subject. By the way no officer could have manifested a better feeling towards the Legion than Lord Hay, who has been uniformly kind, and has evinced a zeal and intelligence in the cause, commensurate with the intentions of the British government in keeping him so long on the station. In Lord John Hay,

and the officers of the Castor generally, the Legion have universally found not only personal friends, but warm supporters to the cause in which they were embarked.

March 26th.—Yesterday, a man, an assistant of the baker, who had been implicated with his master, was flogged with large rods, something in the shape of the *fasces* of the ancient lictors of Rome. The punishment was inflicted in the Plaza, and on the bare back. He was, moreover, nearly stoned to death by the Chapelgorris, who are in here at present, and who with difficulty could suppress their indignation. The same punishment is, I understand, to be repeated to-day and to-morrow.

March 27th.—Yesterday the tribunal finished its proceedings on Don Jose d' Elozegui, and, contrary to our expectations, he is sentenced to be *garrottè* or strangled—but when or where, the finding,—which I saw at the General's immediately after it came out,—did not specify: the accused had nothing to offer in defence, but threw himself on the mercy of the court. It has now been

ascertained beyond question, for an analyzation has taken place, that the bread, issued by the scoundrel, has been adulterated with prickly rye —which accidentally occasioned the deaths of so many families in France a few years back—and that the *aguardiente* had in it a mixture of white lead. My leave having been obtained for England, I had thought of setting off to-morrow; but, though no advocate for these things, I would willingly see the fellow suffer.

March 28th. This day the baker, Don Jose, and the spy, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, by death from the *garrot*. This mode of punishment, at once singular and curious to us, is common throughout Spain. A platform is erected some three feet in height, and a strong pole is driven through its centre—a seat is also added, and on this the criminal is placed with his hands tied, and resting on his knees. The *garrot* is then affixed to the pole at the proper height, and the circular iron, (attached at one extremity by a rivet, on which it moves,) placed around the throat. A central piece of iron, with

grooves, passes through the other—resembling in appearance a patent corkscrew. The handle is a transverse piece of iron, and when this is turned by the executioner, the screw advances, closing the opposite extremity of the circular piece, or neck band, in the same proportion. One half turn is sufficient to produce instant death—and the head inclines forward, over the chest, supported only by the iron which encircles the neck.

I have ever avoided scenes of capital punishment, such as they are practised in England and France. I have never seen a man hung or guillotened, and yet I was in London when all the world went to see the execution of Thistlewood and the rest of his party; but, from the description given me, I have no hesitation in pronouncing death by the garrot, at once the most manly, and the least offensive to the eye. One is spared the blood of the one, and the humiliation of the other; for certainly, it must be confessed humiliating to ourselves, to see a fellow-being dancing in air after death, in the manner practised

in England. Death by the garrot is divested of this objection:—The criminal takes his seat, attended by his confessor, and he is bound in that position to the pole; at a given signal, the executioner, having placed the collar round the sufferer's neck, gives a half turn of his screw,—and all is over. Then the white handkerchief, previously thrown over the face in a loose manner, is removed, and to the gaze of the multitude, are exhibited features,—not distorted by the agonies of death,—but as they were before the fatal screw was turned.

The execution of the traitors took place in the open space of Vitoria, which adjoins the Plaza. The platform was constructed a few yards from the public fountain, and the flank companies of the Legion were drawn up to witness the punishment. The ground was kept by a regiment of our lancers. I had intended to break through a rule, and be present, but was detained at General Espartero's, whither I had gone to get my passport signed, until it was too late. When I returned to the Plaza, the men were dead, seated, as before

described, but their countenances wore no other indication of death, than what was afforded by their paleness. They looked more like men suffering punishment in the pillowry; their bodies remained an hour in that position, for the crowd to gaze at, and were then taken down by the executioner (a smart little fellow, dressed in black), and placed in shells.

From all I can learn, the criminals met their fate sullenly, but without fear. The baker died first; once, as the spy ascended, he cast his eye towards the dead body of his companion, and it assumed an expression of savage wildness,—but, the confessor interposed himself quickly before the trying sight, and it again disappeared. There was a good deal of cheering from the Spanish soldiers, and the assembled multitude, as each traitor ascended the platform. The men of the Legion cheered also, but not so much. Both sufferers were ill-looking fellows—dressed like common paysans—the spy extremely so.

Villa Real made an effort to save his chief agent, the baker, and wrote to an old friend of his

at Vitoria, the Marquess de Arabaca, the Alcade of the place, entreating him to spare his life; but the Marquess fortunately possessed not the power, even if he had the inclination.

CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE FROM VITORIA—CURIOUS MODE OF CONVEYANCE—BREAK DOWN OF OUR VEHICLE BETWEEN MIRANDA AND ONA—PERFORM THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNEY ON FOOT—MR. WILKINSON'S LETTER IN THE MORNING HERALD——BRIEF COMMENTS THEREON—REACH SANCILIO THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL PASS OF BALMA-DE-REDA—RECEPTION BY THE PADRONA OF THE POSADA—DESCENT OF A VERY HIGH AND RAGGED MOUNTAIN ON THREE WHEELS—REACH THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF ONTENADA—MEET MY EX-SERVANT, PAUL CARÇANADA, UNDER VERY SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES—HIS GREAT FAMILIARITY WITH A SPANISH COLONEL—REACH SANTANDER—EXPEDITION TO SAN SEBASTIAN FULLY DETAILED—REMARKS OF THE AUTHOR—DISAGREEABLE BILLETING AT SANTANDER—RECEPTION BY COMMODORE HENRY ON BOARD THE ISABELLA-SECUNDA—CONDUCT OF LORD JOHN HAY—ARRIVAL OF THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN ADVANCE OF THE LEGION ORDERED TO THE COAST—AUTHOR'S REMARKS—DINNER GIVEN BY THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AT SANTANDER—DEPARTURE OF THE AUTHOR FOR SAN SEBASTIAN—BATTLE OF AYETTA.

Miranda, March 30th.—This morning I left Vitoria, in what is considered a great novelty in this part of Spain, a close carriage. The party

consists of five, and we are to pay 150 dollars on arriving at Santander;—rather dear travelling compared with that in England, especially as, although drawn by seven mules, we seldom exceed a walk. The manner of driving is also good. The wheelers alone are honored with reins, the two pairs in front, preceded by their leader, having no other guidance than what originates in the verbal directions of our driver, to Leona, Ramona, Platera, Cocina, and Christina, who obey him most faithfully. Our wheelers are Señora and Capitana. As the whip is none of the longest, the driver and his *assistiente* frequently descend from the vehicle, and fill their pockets with stones, which are afterwards employed in propelling the animals, and it is remarkable with what precision they throw them. They hit which ever mule they like—the result, of course, of much practice.

Oña, March 31st.—This evening we met with a sad misadventure. When within about a good league of this place, the hind-wheel of our coach came off, and we fell to the ground. On alighting, we found that the axle-tree was completely

broken off, about an inch from the lynch-pin.—What to do in this extremity, it was difficult to say; however, the padron, after viewing the disaster for some time steadily, decided, with a heavy sigh, that he must go back to Miranda, a distance of nearly nine leagues, for another carriage, while we remained at Oña until his return. Meanwhile, the old *assistiente*, whom we had designated by the name of "*Setenta cinqua*," from his years, appeared with a huge pole upon his shoulders, which he had cut from off a neighboring mountain, and aid having been procured from some paysans who were passing, we raised the carriage, and replaced the wheel. The pole was then placed across the centre, and tightly bound with strong cord, so as to prevent it coming off, yet without impeding its rotatory motion. In this manner we reached Oña, the passengers performing the remainder of the day's journey on foot.

At Oña I chanced to see the *Morning Herald* of the 11th, containing a letter from Mr. Wilkinson, alluded to in a former note, as having gone

over to the enemy. Of this long tissue of farrago I shall briefly notice one passage, which is that wherein he says, "I had left all my kit behind me, and only brought my baggage." Now, as it appears from his letter, that he only took Mrs. Wilkinson with him, we may fairly presume that she is the "baggage" alluded to. How far she deserves that character, may be learnt from the following *petite histoire* of the lady, about whose honor so much fuss is made. The *now* Mrs. Wilkinson came out from Scotland, the mistress of an assistant-surgeon of one of the Scotch regiments, who, when we marched from Bilbao, supplied her liberally with money, to take her back to Scotland. Instead of going to Scotland, however, she went round to Santander, in the Mazeppa steamer, where, between her present husband, (or somebody else, for I am not quite sure,) and another officer, who had been dismissed the service, a regular battle took place, as to who should claim priority in the lady's favor. The ex-lance corporal of the Portuguese service, however, bore the palm from his adversary, and married his prize, who

tramped it with the soldiers, and soldiers' wives, (occasionally dressed in the habit of a man,) as far as Brivieska, where Mr. Wilkinson was left in depôt, and where, it appears, he was dismissed the service,—not for "building churches!" It would hardly be fair, under any other circumstances, to enter upon the *vie privée* of the lady, but when her husband states that he was dismissed for upholding the *honor* of his wife, and attacks, in such bitter terms, both the Legion and its Chief, it cannot be too distinctly known how nice must have been his sense of that honor! His wife, by this time, we are assured, forms one of the brightest ornaments of Don Carlos's *choice* little court at Onatè. I heartily wish the *soi-disant* king joy of such an acquisition.

Soncillio, April 1st.—To-day, instead of waiting for a new carriage, our *Padròn* intimated his intention of proceeding with the wheel, fastened in the manner above described, without lynch-pin, or the means of inserting one. To this, though attended with some danger, we readily assented, as a stay of twenty-four hours, in the miserable

village of Oña, was any thing but desirable. We had arrived so late at night, that we found it impossible to see the monastery. Moreover, from its being Good Friday, the priests were much engaged, so that we had no time to revisit the old refrectory :—Our supper at the *posada* was execrable.

At an early hour this morning, we came to the pass of Oña, which I found to be *not* the same, described in a former part of this work. The pass of Oña is bold to a degree, and offers every evidence of the most gigantic proportions; but it was admitted by an officer who was of our party, and one of the half dozen of the Legion who had ever seen the former, that it had none of the touching—romantic—beauty of the Medina. So remarkable is the difference in the beauty of the passes, that it appears I had gone through that of Oña, on the day of our advance, but after threading that of Medina, it had failed to excite any wonderment in my mind. Later, we came to the pass of Balma-de-Ceda, even much bolder than that of Oña, (it consists chiefly of white,

solid, and gigantic rocks, that give you the idea of petrified castles, and ranges of battlements;)—making, in all, four important passes I have visited since my arrival in Spain—namely, Medina, Pancorbo, Oña, and Balma-de-Ceda. At Soncillio we arrived at a late hour, and were gruffly received by the *Padrona* of the only *Posada* in the place, who said she had neither bed nor supper to give us. I went immediately to the Commandant, whom I subsequently found to be a very nice fellow, and, showing him my passport, requested his good offices. The officer soon procured me a billet in the *Posada* in which I had been so rudely received, and I found myself in possession of a bed, gratis, which had been refused to me for money. One of my companions is lodged at the Commandant's, the others are billeted in one room at the Curè's. We are at last as comfortably seated as circumstances will permit, while a good dinner, procured by the Commandant, is being prepared for us.

Ontanada, April 2nd.—We reached this place, after passing through the pretty village of Ageita,

about five o'clock, having traversed one of the loftiest mountains in Spain, and over the most wretched of roads. Our descent of the mountain was nearly a league and a half, and, during that time, we experienced no slight nervousness, owing to the state of the carriage. The road was ankle deep with mud, and in the deep ruts were placed large loose stones, which shook and jolted us unmercifully, as the vehicle passed over them. Each moment we expected our unfortunate wheel to come off, in which case our situation would have been truly pitiable—as there were no means of repairing the disaster. The *Padron* turned his eye frequently to the wheel, and it was evident that he was as nervous as some of the party. After upwards of an hour's duration of this penance, however, we once more got upon a better ground. We had a heavy snow storm, while on the top of the mountain, and it was bitterly cold.

Santander, April 3rd.—To-day we reached this garrison, in the appearance of which, I have been agreeably disappointed. I had always been led to

imagine it the most miserable of places. I have seen no town like it in northern Spain. Vitoria is not to be compared with it; and I like it better than Bilbao. Its quay is extensive, regular, and composed of fine edifices; and it possesses this decidedly superior advantage to Bilbao, that men-of-war and merchantmen of the largest size, sail immediately into its harbor. This gives it a greater air of liveliness, especially in summer. We alighted at the Hotel of the Quatro Naciones in the Callè Artilleria, kept by a Frenchman.

A curious circumstance occurred on our route of to-day. At the close of my illness, my French servant, Paul Carganada had left me with some abruptness, giving out that he was going through Pampeluna, to his native country. I presumed he was gone by that route, though I all along suspected he did not intend returning to his wife, a little credulous Spanish woman, my hostess, whom he had married during my illness. At the *posada* at which we stopped, at Ontanada, there is a billiard-room, into which, having nothing better to do, I sauntered, while dinner was being

prepared. A Spanish colonel, whom we knew to have been at Vitoria, and who had that day kept pace with us over the mountain, looking frequently most intently into the carriage windows, was playing at the time with a person of whom I took no other notice, than that he appeared to be a servant. The colonel seemed desirous of entering into conversation, but as I had no ambition to enter upon one with a man who appeared on such familiar terms with his fellow billiard-player, I immediately quitted the room, remarking at dinner what I had seen above. To-day, on stopping at a *posada* half-way to Santander, I saw the same colonel standing in its doorway, and conversing laughingly with some person, who was hidden behind a projecting wall. Not the slightest suspicion had entered my mind, but, having occasion to alight from the carriage, I passed through the doorway, close to the colonel. My sudden approach had not permitted his companion to retire, and, as I crossed the vestibule, who should I behold, but my ex-servant, Monsieur Paul Carganada! I looked at him some time, and fully,

before I could positively satisfy myself as to his identity. His face bore the marks of a recent scuffle, and a handkerchief, drawn over his oil-skin hat, completely overshadowed what was left uncovered of the former—he was evidently disguised. After some few moments, I said to him, "What, you here!" He answered, "Yes;" that he had changed his mind, and was going to Santander, to embark for France. I turned to the colonel, who was an attentive listener, and spoke good French, and said—"This man, Senor Colonel, whom you make your companion, was my private servant, and left me under peculiar circumstances the other day. I wish merely to put you upon your guard against him." Paul then said —"Have I ever robbed you, Sir?" As I had some occasion, after his departure, to know he had, I replied in the affirmative. But this seemed to have no greater effect upon the Spanish colonel, than the former part of my communication. He merely shrugged his shoulders, as if it was no affair of his, and continued the same air of friendliness. Soon after, his horse being baited, he

departed, saluting me as he moved from the door. Paul followed on a horse he had contrived to purchase out of his *cribbings* from me, in company with the regimental servant of the colonel. My opinion is, that as I was expected to travel alone in a cabriolet to Santander, there was more in the appearance of my ex-servant on the road, and so singularly selected as a companion, than at first appears. But we were four in number, and all well armed with pistols and sabres.

Santander, April 8th.—On our arrival here, we found that the Royal Tar, in which we had proposed taking our passage, had been some days sailed, so that we have decided to await her return. Meanwhile, I have taken the opportunity of visiting the barracks and hospitals, which are in a most efficient state, reminding me strongly of the good beds, and clean rooms provided for the reception of the men, at their first entry into San Sebastian. The men are kept wholly out of the town, at the convent of Corbon, and one seldom sees even an officer, except of the staff. It

must be admitted, that Colonel Arbuthnott's management of his command is excellent.

Of the expedition to San Sebastian in December last, alluded to by Colonel de Lancy, I have obtained, and from an authentic source, the following particulars, which may be confidently relied upon, and which I the more readily insert, because they tend to prove, to its revilers, what may be expected from the British Legion, when left to the guidance of its own chiefs, and acting wholly independently of a controlling Spanish power.

On the 11th of December, Captain Henderson, of the British Steamer Phœnix, arrived at Santander, with an urgent entreaty from the Governor of San Sebastian, that Iriatè, the Governor of the Province, would send immediate aid to that fortress, both in guns, ammunition, and men. The communication, moreover, stated that upwards of 3000 of the inhabitants had left the town, while the remainder were sheltered under bomb-proofs, hastily constructed, to resist the fire of the enemy.

Captain Henderson, after communicating with

Lord John Hay, waited on Colonel Arbuthnott, and repeated the deplorable state of San Sebastian —beset by enemies without, and traitors within— when Colonel Arbuthnott ordered a force of 600 men of the Legion to be got in instant readiness, yet without promulgating the object. Colonel A. then waited on Iriatè, to ascertain his intentions; when the latter said he was sorry he could not do anything for San Sebastian, as he had not a soldier, particularly artillerymen, to spare. The Colonel then told him he had ordered 600 men to be in readiness, whereof a hundred and fifty were artillerymen, and that, if it met his approbation, he would embark them, with the necessary materiel immediately. Iriatè expressed himself much delighted with the measure, and, in three hours from the arrival of the Phœnix, Colonel Arbuthnott was steaming out of the bay, in the same vessel, having on board her, and the Isabella-Secunda, 600 men, in addition to 150 artillerymen, and sixty dismounted Lancers of the 1st regiment. The Isabella had in tow a Chasse-Marée, on board of which were embarked two thirty-two pounders,

from the Castor frigate, with 500 rounds of ammunition, Congreve rockets, &c. In passing Santona, the Phœnix took from thence, in tow, another Chasse-Marée, laden with two twenty-four pounders, and their necessary materiel. In consequence of the bad state of the weather, 200 dismounted men of the 2nd Lancers, under the command of Colonel Jacks, were compelled to reland, and the remainder of the force proceeded on to San Sebastian, into which they threw themselves under cover of midnight.

The defenceless state of the town may be inferred from the fact of there being only 240 of the militia, and 250 Urbanos to defend it. Moreover, traitors, more formidable than any other enemy, were within its walls. A certain number of the inhabitants, suspected of Carlism, were refused admission into the ranks of the Urbanos, and these persons, annoyed at the exclusion, and secretly devoted to the adverse cause, had found means of communicating with General Sagastibelza, between whom and themselves it was agreed, that a petard should be exploded near

one of the gates at night, so as to admit of the entrance of the Carlists. This scheme was happily detected in time, and the delinquent incarcerated; but confidence was far from being restored—since, in addition to the weakness of the garrison, the Governor, who should have been the first to set an example of bravery, slept nightly in the bomb-proofs, with the women and children.

Such was the condition of things when Colonel Arbuthnott arrived. His appearance gave a new aspect to affairs; and the despondency of all ranks, within San Sebastian, was succeeded by the utmost confidence. Early in the following day, the artillerymen mounted the walls of the town, where the Carlists were in the daily habit of expelling the besieged with musketry, and, by their cool and skilful fire, succeeded in driving them to a distance.

It was at this period that Colonel Arbuthnott, having received some intelligence that the Durango decree had been rescinded, sent a flag of truce to Sagastibelza, with an intention to be

satisfied if such was actually the case. The interview demanded was complied with, and the parties met about midway on the causeway, leading from San Sebastian to the enemy's principal entrenchments. Sagastibelza, a short, stout man, of no remarkable appearance, was attended by his staff, among whom was Montenegro, commanding the artillery, and dressed in a Zamara, or black sheepskin jacket. The interview was short and pithy. The following question was put by Colonel Arbuthnott through his interpreter :—"Having been informed that Don Carlos has rescinded the decree of Durango, I wish to know if that information be correct?" Sagastibelza instantly replied, and through the same medium :—"I have received no orders to give quarter to the Auxiliary Legion; we do not look upon you as regular soldiers, but troops recruited to serve Christina, and not to assist Spain;"—laying great emphasis on the words *Christina* and *Spain*. An officer of Urbanos, who bore the flag, then asked how they (the Urbanos) were to be treated?—the answer was, "The Urbanos and Chapelgorris are to be

treated the same as the Auxiliary troops;"—and thus ended the interview. One of Sagastibelza's aids-de-camp who accompanied Colonel Arbuthnott part of the way back, remarking, "You have been extremely fortunate in the weather;—we had no idea San Sebastian could have been relieved in less than ten days."

Although Colonel Arbuthnott had acted for himself, in succoring San Sebastian, it was, of course, not his intention to continue in it longer than a reinforcement of Spaniards could be received. He accordingly pressed the authorities, whose answers urged him in the strongest manner to remain. Troops, however, came on the 18th from Santona, to the number of 600; and Colonel Arbuthnott quitted San Sebastian on the following day, leaving behind him the whole of his artillerymen to work the guns.. I have seen the original documents, and no one can doubt, after their perusal, that the most important service was rendered by the Legion, and at a most critical moment, to San Sebastian. Of its desperate condition some idea may be formed from the note

given in the appendix, and addressed to Colonel Arbuthnott, from the French Consul; for not only was danger apprehended from without, but also from its numerous traitors within.

Apropos of San Sebastian traitors. On one occasion, while I was quartered in the convent of San Francisco, a highly gentlemanly-looking man was identified, near the barracks, by some of the soldiers, as having offered them money to desert to Don Carlos. He was instantly seized, and notwithstanding all his protestations to the contrary, conveyed to my room, where I had orders from the Colonel, who held me responsible for his safety, to keep him a prisoner. He requested permission to send to General Chichester, who then commanded the English garrison, and who, he said, knew him well, as one of the first men in the town. His demand having been complied with, the General arrived in about an hour—came into my room, where I was seated conversing with my prisoner,—recognized an individual with whom he was personally acquainted,—apologized, in the gentlemanly manner habitual to him, for

his detention, and liberated him on the instant. Notwithstanding, the men still persisted that he was the same man who had sought to entice them to desert; and I at the time believed, and still do believe their assertion; for so many men could not *all* be in error as to the person. The baker, who suffered at Vitoria, was also one who had been turned out of San Sebastian for suspected treason.

As an officer in the service of the Queen, it is not permitted to me further than to remark on the extraordinary fact of San Sebastian—the key of Northern Spain, and the fortress which, most of all others, the Carlists had coveted, and still covet—having been left in the destitute condition which has just been shown. What could 500 men be expected to effect against such a besieging army as the enemy brought close under its walls? And wherefore was it that the recommendations to some mark of favor from the Queen, expressive of the important service rendered by the Legion in their timely succoring San Sebastian, have not

to this hour met with the slightest notice from the Government?

As an officer in the Spanish service, I repeat, I do not *now* feel myself authorized to give my opinion, but a time will come when I may be enabled to assure my countrymen, that if the British Legion have not hitherto had greater opportunities of acquitting themselves valiantly in the field of honor, it has been wholly owing to considerations of a nature but indifferently understood at home. I have confined myself to facts connected with the Legion, in this volume—in a second I shall claim the privilege of offering opinions.

Santander, April 12th.—Nothing can be more odious or uncomfortable than the manner of billeting here. Billets are given only for three days, and it is optional with the person billeted on, to receive you, or pay your lodging-bill at a *posada*. Not only this, but the billet-master is a disagreeable, ugly little fellow, who compels you to get a new order from the Governor, and also from the English commandant, every three days.

This might easily be dispensed with, were the man of office willing; but he is one, who, I should say, hates every thing English, from the bottom of his heart. Wherefore is it, that some linguist is not appointed to the duty? The present man speaks Spanish only, to the great inconvenience of the majority of her Catholic Majesty's liege auxiliaries.

April 13th.—Last night Brigadier-General Evans arrived from Vitoria on his way to England; and the Royal Tar, reported lost in the late gales, not having come in, it was arranged he should go by the Reina Gobernadora. Colonel Arbuthnott, whose attention to officers of all ranks, and whose desire to facilitate their views, is proverbial, sought to obtain a passage for those who were on leave at Santander, waiting for a conveyance home. This, however, Commodore Henry, the senior officer here, positively refused,—declaring that none but *field officers* should be embarked in the ship. This intelligence was communicated to me by Colonel Arbuthnott, with a sincere expression of regret at the failure of his

application, but he suggested a personal one from myself,—offering at the same time his boat and orderly, to convey me on board the Isabella Secunda. This offer I accepted;—the vessel was at the time moving slowly through the water, with no other apparent object than a trial of her steam. On approaching her, Commodore Henry was standing on the paddle-box; but, although the foolish boat's crew of Spaniards, were so afraid of coming too nigh the wheel, as to be driven astern, not a rope was thrown out to us from the Isabella,—yet it was clear there was an officer in the boat, who wished to go on board. This un-English man-of-war-like piece of discourtesy, I confess, at first piqued me to such an extent, that my first impression was to order the boatmen to row for the shore; but an after consideration induced me to proceed with my original design.—The steamer had, by this time, dropped her anchor, and the Commodore was still standing on the paddle-box;—I ascended to the quarter-deck, and thence to the paddle-box. Commodore Henry, to whom I had been introduced only a few days

before, by Col. Arbuthnott, kept his back turned towards me, which, at the moment, I attributed to the fact of his giving some orders. I said aloud, "Commodore Henry, I believe." He turned round and replied, "yes." I then said, that I was particularly anxious to get to England, and should feel obliged to him, if he would give me a passage home." His reply was briefly, "I am not going to England." This I knew as well as himself;—but said, I understood he was going, or about to send. He again repeated, "I am not going to England." After this there was no more to be said, and knowing the absolutism of a captain on board his own ship, I descended the steps without another word. It will be understood, that as the officer commanding the station, he could have ordered me a passage on board the Gobernadora,—but even, although he might have considered this not expedient, or suiting his pleasure, there was a gentlemanly tone and manner to be used in his refusal, which every officer and gentleman had a right to expect, and directly the reverse of that practised by Commodore Henry. In a

word,—never in the course of my life, did I meet with a less courteous reception.

Whether the *present* Commodore Henry would have adopted the same mode of conduct towards an officer of some standing in His Britannic Majesty's army, while Lieutenant Peake of His Majesty's navy himself, is not so easily demonstrable.

An after arrangement sent Brigadier Evans home by the English steamer Phœnix, instead of the Gobernadora. Application was made to Lord John Hay for a passage for me at the same time, by Colonel Arbuthnott, though without my knowledge. Lord John said, he could not in conformity with instructions of the most imperative nature from England, on the subject, comply with the request, and he was compelled to refuse it. To-day he met me on the quay, and expressed much regret that his orders were such as to preclude his giving me a passage home, in the manner required. I told his Lordship, that I was perfectly aware he would have granted me one if in his power; and, that the difficulty having been

explained to me by Colonel Arbuthnott, I could not in the slightest degree feel hurt at his refusal. —This circumstance I mention, merely as being in striking contrast with the foregoing.

April 17th.—This morning, at an early hour, the Lieutenant-General, accompanied by his staff, and escorted by a detachment of Lancers, arrived at Santander from Vitoria, whence it had been some time in contemplation to remove the Legion towards the sea. This is a happy arrangement, and one that promises fair for the honor of our name at last. Removed from the immediate control of Cordova, the Lieutenant-General will now be enabled to act for himself; and, as Bilbao and San Sebastian are to be the principal destinations of the Legion, we may hope for a different warfare from the past—certainly one that will more redound to our credit. No longer engaged in a mountainous struggle, and against an enemy whose chief aim is concealment, we shall retake, and, perhaps, utterly destroy the insignificant and unimportant towns of Plencia, and La Quieta, and secure and garrison those

fortresses which communicate more immediately with France—as, for instance, Fortarabia and Passages.

It is probable that on our approach, the Carlists will destroy these minor places, while from those of the major,—San Sebastian for instance—they will immediately withdraw their guns and men, to prevent their falling into our hands. Whatever the alternative, the result must be equally discouraging to the enemy, who have taken so much pains to bring their battering materiel into the neighborhood of Bilbao and San Sebastian;—one of which places it is all-important to them to secure. The consequence of this failure, and non-advance of their first object, will dishearten and weaken the ranks of Don Carlos; and if Cordova does his duty in Vitoria, there can be no doubt that the Legion will do theirs.

I heard it said this evening, at the Lieutenant-Genenal's table, that there were 5000 as fine men, well accoutred and well dressed, on their march to Santander, as could be found, taken at hazard,

in his Majesty's army; and I believe it to be the fact. Death has carried off the sickly men, leaving behind it only the robust and active.

The mode of discipline has much contributed to this. The Lieutenant-General's aversion to corporal punishment is well known, and experience has proved that, although in the first instance, some inflictions of the cat were given, at the instance of Commanding Officers, and without the privity of the Lieutenant-General, provosting is far more efficient. It is, and has been for some length of time, the practice to punish delinquents on the spot, when caught *flagrante delicto*—a system that spares the trouble of assembling a court-martial, and which, from its immediately succeeding the offence, brings the enormity of that offence more directly under the eyes of the offender. Men found to be incorrigible, have first been provosted, then marched forth disgracefully by beat of drum from their regiments, whithersoever chance or inclination might direct them.

April 18th.—This day the Chapelgorris, who

are now attached to the Legion, and are dressed in red, arrived here, and were instantly embarked in the James Watt Steamer, for San Sebastian, their native home. The Light division under Colonel Tupper of the 6th, acting Brigadier, are expected in a day or two, and will proceed to the same destination.

April 20th.—Yesterday there was a grand Review of the Urbanos of Santander, of which General Evans had, in compliance with their long-urged request, at length assumed the command. The men presented a fine appearance, and the battalion might be computed about a thousand strong. There was a squadron of Cavalry attached, excessively well mounted and equipped. The General, dressed in the uniform of the corps, went through the ranks, accompanied by Iriatè and his own staff, in due form. The regiment then broke into open column of sub-divisions, and marched past;—not badly for a national guard. In the evening the Colonel (General Evans) gave a dinner to his officers, at which were present Iriatè, the Spanish Admiral, Lord John Hay, the

Commanders of the French and Spanish Men-of-War, &c. in all about sixty. The dinner given in a *posada*, was, unavoidably, in *posada* style, but there was excellent champagne, and in great abundance. This was a treat to those, at least, who had just come from Vitoria. Lord John Hay's band attended, and after dinner, were given, successively, Isabella Secunda and the King of England, accompanied each by its respective national air. After these followed the Queen of Portugal, and the King of the French; the more general toast of "the Quadruple Alliance" succeeded. General Evans and the British Legion were then given, after which followed those of a more personal nature, to the newly appointed Colonel, by his officers. In fact, these last were in such rapid succession, that some of us doubted whether it would not be better to keep on our legs altogether for the evening. These toasts, which "harped upon the same string," were, of course, given by Spaniards alone. We remained until a late hour, and the dinner was a highly social one.

In the evening, and before dinner, Colonel Tupper arrived, announcing that the light brigade under his command, were outside the town. They had marched no less a distance than thirty-six miles, which, considering it to be the ninth day of their route from Vitoria, affords no bad specimen of the state of the Legion. There were no stragglers.

To-day the 6th embarked for San Sebastian on board the Isabella-Secunda, and the Reyna Gobernadora. General Evans went also, accompanied by part of his staff.

April 21st. — Yesterday the James Watt Steamer arrived, which had carried the Chapelgorris to San Sebastian. Captain Jamieson reports that no attempt was made by the Carlists to interrupt the landing: not a gun was fired, although they must have distinctly commanded the harbor. My opinion is, that they have already, in anticipation of our arrival, withdrawn their artillery. As Passages is an important key to the frontier, likely to be first attacked by us, and is romantically situate between two bold and

abrupt mountains, a view may not be uninteresting.

San Sebastian, April 27th.—Yesterday, after a very severe passage, I landed here on my route to Bayonne through France, intending to proceed by a small French Steamer to Socoa—but as there is something to be done against the Carlist lines, in a few days, I have resolved to waive my leave of absence for the present, and remain until we have had an affair.

May 3rd.—Since my arrival here, the rains have been incessant, and the weather so cold, that fires are every where in demand, and the snow has fallen thickly upon the mountains. Our attack would have taken place before this, had the Legion been all here; but many are still at Santander;—sufficient means of transport not having been found. Little co-operation seems to be afforded by the Commanding Officer of the squadron. On the evening of our departure from Santander, he had sailed also, having nine hundred men on board, but scarcely had he proceeded to sea, when he put back again, nor came

until the James Watt, on board of which I had embarked, made her second trip. Surely if one vessel could weather the storm, the other might, especially as it was a case of pressing emergency —but the Commodore, it is to be feared, does not enter *de bon cœur*, into the success of the Legion.

May 4th—Our sole amusement, since our arrival, has been to mount the ramparts, and watch the effect of our fire upon the Carlist lines. There has been nothing to return to this, hitherto, but musketry, the enemy having apparently withdrawn (as I had predicted) all their battering train farther into the interior.

To-day it was supposed the Brigade, to which I am attached, (the Light) were to have crossed the river, at the point at which the breach was effected by the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War; but the tide not admitting of our fording, and the bridge of boats not being in readiness, the attack was delayed until to-morrow, when, at day-light, we move to attack the enemy's lines. The General this afternoon, held a council

with the Commanders of Brigades on the Citadel, whence a full view of the posts of the enemy could be commanded.

It is now arranged, that without crossing the water to San Francisco, to which the enemy have set fire during the night, and which still continues burning, we shall move along the high road to the convent of San Bartholomo, at present occupied by our Chapelgorris, and thence to the various points of attack allotted to us. My brigade attacks the left of their position, the 2nd (or Irish) the centre, and the 1st, the right. The Carlists may make an excellent defence if they will, for the ground is highly favorable to such a purpose, being thickly covered with hedges, houses, &c. independently of their intrenchments.

To-morrow will be the anniversary of a desperate attack, in which I bore a part, on the enemy's batteries, during the last American war, which batteries were carried, singular to say, by the father of an officer of the company to which I am nominally attached, (I say nominally, for I am in orders to command a wing of my regiment to-

morrow.) My only hope is, that the men will do their duty *now*, as they did on that occasion.

May 7th.—In pursuance of the plan arranged for the 5th, we marched forth before day to the convent of San Bartolomo, immediately in front of us. To prevent the enemy from ascertaining our movements, the Lieutenant-General had taken the precaution to order that the men should be assembled soon after midnight, and without sound of drum or bugle.

The first part of this movement was executed with the necessary precision, and, at early dawn, the whole moved off in their allotted directions, simultaneously, and with a view to final co-operation. The enemy's lines were three in number, most formidably built, and otherwise defended by some heavy artillery, discovered only the day before. In a few minutes they were apprized of our advance, and showers of grape and cannister were vomited upon the main road leading to the position. Soon after this, the guns of the castle began to open, but these were fired so slowly and badly, as to afford us very little assistance. In a

quarter of an hour the Light brigade came into view of the strongest part of the enemy's lines, whence an annihilating fire of musketry, supported in the centre by a formidable battery of cannon, was directed upon us. But this did not stay the onward progress of the men. Although exposed to a most galling fusillade, the bullets flying literally like hail, they drew not a trigger, but advanced determinedly with fixed bayonets across the plain, uttering loud cries as they doubled through it. Five hundred yards brought us to some houses occupied by the enemy, from which they were speedily driven, our men instantly possessing themselves of them.

From these houses the fire of the enemy was returned by some Chapelgorris, while the 3rd and 6th advanced to storm the line; but no sooner had these latter emerged from the cover of the houses, forming in column of attack, than a shower of musketry and grape was poured in upon them. In defiance of this they moved on, the men falling in every direction. But human courage could not withstand the galling fire of

our invisible foe, especially as there was no breach through which we could enter, and as not a shot was returned. The men therefore retired under cover of the houses we had taken.

Close to these houses was a parapet, intersecting the road, and partially broken down to admit of the passage of the column. On this parapet, the Lieutenant-General, who had come to us from the 2nd division, which had likewise failed in its attempt at an impression, immediately ascended, and exposing himself to the hail-storm of the enemy, called upon the men to advance, and, if necessary, die like Englishmen. But although he set the example of the contempt of danger he sought to inspire, the troops had no sooner uncovered themselves to the deadly fire of the enemy, than they again experienced a check.

Meanwhile, the Phœnix and Salamander, English steamers, had arrived in the harbor from Santander, the latter bringing with her the reserve, consisting of the majority of the 4th and 8th regiments. These were instantly landed, and marched up the heights, and a heavy cannonade

of mortars opened from the Phœnix upon the enemy's battery, on the left of their position, which the 1st brigade, consisting chiefly of the 1st regiment, had attempted, ineffectually, to carry. Beautiful, indeed, was the direction of this artillery. The shells were fired with such precision, that they passed successively over the heads of our troops, and fell into the enemy's trenches. By their instrumentality a breach was effected, and the 4th and 8th (reserve) coming up, the left of the position was stormed and gained.

The Carlists, thunder-struck, saw that the day was lost, and sought safety in flight; but no mercy was shown them, for they had savagely bayoneted several wounded officers and men in the early repulses. Numbers fell beneath the steel of the enraged assailants, burning for revenge; and not a Carlist who could be reached, lived to recount to his comrades, that the English Auxiliaries, in imitation of the example set by themselves, give no quarter.

The position once gained, the success of the day was no longer doubtful, and the other brigades,

cheered by the example of their comrades, who had come fresh into action, once more moved to the assault. The Irish, like the 1st brigade, bayoneted all that came near them, and the Light brigade, formed in column of attack by the General himself, rushed with deafening cheers upon the right of the enemy's position. The 6th was headed by Colonel Tupper, who was in the act of cheering them on, when he received a ball in his head, and fell, dangerously wounded. The whole brigade then rushed forward, and in less than ten minutes, the battery, which had galled us so much, was carried by the 6th, who planted the Queen's colors upon it. This centre of the principal line thus won, the others necessarily followed, although under a still continued fire, and by twelve o'clock the whole of their truly formidable position, including their guns, together with ammunition, and provisions in abundance, had exchanged masters.

But the most gratifying part of the affair was at the close, when the General came up to the battery. Here officers and men promiscuously

blended themselves together, and saluted him with the most vehement cheering,—intimating, that to their gallant leader, was their success mainly attributable. Such a moment could not fail to be one of pride to the Lieutenant-General, who, much touched by this enthusiastic reception by his gallant soldiers, replied, that the victory had been gained by them, not him.

The day, under such an unexampled fire, and against so formidable a position, was, of course, not obtained without great loss on our side. We have seventy-eight officers and nearly 800 men killed and wounded—a great majority of these, wounded. But the loss is trifling, in comparison with the glory. Cordova's whole army, the people of San Sebastian say, would never have carried the position we did; and the men conducted themselves like heroes. The most veteran troops of England would have been repulsed, hotly exposed, as our fellows found themselves, in the first assault upon a concealed enemy—and veterans could not have accomplished more in the end, opposed as we were to the élite of Don Carlos's army.

Among the enemy's killed, are General Sagastibelza, the second in command, and Anolo, colonel of the Chapelchuris, or white-caps. We do not know the extent of their numerical loss, but it must be less than ours, although the country people who have come in, state it to be from 600 to 700 killed and wounded. But the greater glory is ours,—if, after the heavy loss we sustained in the early charges, while their strength continued unimpaired, we could still carry their position!

I have alluded to the Light Brigade particularly, because, as one of its number, its operations, with those of the staff, were more immediately under my own eye;—but all were equally forward. At a later period, I may give some interesting personal anecdotes of the action,—not less piquant than true,—anecdotes from which the public will be better enabled to decide upon the real *palmam qui meruit ferat.*

APPENDIX.

(Copy.)

San Sebastian, December 16, 1835.

Colonel,

.. Faites *veiller scrupuleusement* cette nuit au port. Attention aussi aux remparts du côte de la rivière. Du monde partoût. La marée sera basse à 10 heures ce soir.

Attention, après ce que les Carlistes viennent de faire.* Ils sont capables de tenter un coup-de-main cette nuit. *Ne vous fiez qu'à vous.*

Adieu Estime a dévouement,

(Signé) Baron Vigent,

Consul de France.

A Monsieur Le Colonel Arbuthnott,
Gentilhomme de la Chambre privée
du Roi d'Angleterre—Commandant,
à San Sebastian.

* Alluding to the plot.

BRITISH AUXILIARY LEGION.

List of Deaths of Officers from Typhus, from the 14th of January to the 20th of April, 1836.

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
1st *Lancers*.....	Vet. Surg. Pedro de Campo.
2nd *Lancers*	Major G. Younghusband.
	Cornet Lynch.
1st *Regiment of Infantry* ..	Capt. Cadogan.
	Capt. Montgomery.
	Lieut. Codd.
	Ensign Hogg.
2nd *Regiment of Infantry* ..	Capt. Leake.
	Ensign Nash.
3rd *Regiment of Infantry* ..	Lieut. Col. Renwick (Santander).
	Major Edwards.
	Major King.
	2nd Lieut. Sparrow.

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
3rd Regiment of Infantry ..	2nd Lieut. Blackwater.
	Lieut. Rawstorne.
	Quarter-Master Rogers.
4th Regiment of Infantry ..	(None).
5th Regiment of Infantry ..	Capt. Havelock.
	Capt. Pilford.
6th Regiment of Infantry ..	Lieut. Gordon.
	2nd Lieut. Widowson.
	Qr.-Master Swanson.
7th Regiment of Infantry ..	(None).
8th Regiment of Infantry ..	Capt. Oakley.
	Ensign Leake.
	Ensign Brown.
9th Regiment of Infantry ..	Capt. Bluett.
	Lieut. Cooper.
	Surgeon Newall.
	Surgeon Williams.
10th Regiment of Infantry. .	Capt. Francks.
	Adjt. Burrows.
	Surgeon Grove.
	Pay-Master Dunne.
Rifle Corps	Capt. Cotter.
	Capt. White.
Artillery	Lieut. & Adjt. Whitehead.
	Assist. Surg. Salmon.

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
Medical Staff	Dep. Purveyor Lathey.
	Dep. Purveyor Thorne.
	Assist. Surgeon Plank
	Assist. Surgeon Skurry.
	Assist. Surgeon Lewis.
	Assist. Surgeon Grundy.
Commissariat	Dep. As. Com. Gen. Pococke.
	Dep. As. Com. Gen. Archer.
Deputy Provost Marshall ..	Ensign O'Connell.

(Signed) WM. CONSIDINE,
Colonel,—Military Secretary.

N.B. Major Dundas, of the 7th regiment, died Dec. 24th, 1835.—W. C.

LIST OF OFFICERS,

Killed, wounded, and since dead of their wounds, in the affair of the 5th of May.

LIGHT BRIGADE.

Rifles.

KILLED.

Capt. O'Reilly.

WOUNDED.

Major Fortescue, slightly.
Capt. Costello, severely.
Capt. Aitkins, ditto.
Capt. Durie, slightly.
Lieut. Jefferies, severely.
Lieut. Durie, ditto.
2nd Lieut. Barker, ditto.
2nd Lieut. Hanbury, ditto.

3rd Regiment.

Major Campbell, slightly.
Capt. & Adjt. Keevil, ditto.
Lieut. Chadwicke, severely.
Lieut. Corfe, slightly.
Lieut. Jackson, ditto.
2nd Lieut. Chadwicke, severely, [since dead.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	2nd Lieut. Brockwell, slightly.
	2nd Lieut. Mackintosh, ditto.
	Volunteer O'Brien, severely.

6th Regiment.

Capt. M'Neil, (returned [wounded.)	
Lieut. Balfour, (missing, [supposed to be killed.)	
	Col. Tupper, dangerously, (since [dead.)
	Capt. Richardson, severely, (re- [turned slightly.)
	Capt. Wood, ditto.
	Lieut. Carnaby, severely.
	Lieut. Macdonnell, ditto
	Lieut. Mackellar, ditto.
	Lieut. Storey, ditto.

FIRST BRIGADE.

1st Regiment.

Capt. Scarman.	Major Hicks, severely.
Lieut. Cooper.	Capt. Talbot, slightly.
	Capt. De Koven, ditto.
	Capt. Noble, ditto.
	Capt. Townley, severely.

4th Regiment.

Capt. & Adjt. Allez.	Captain Ramsay, slightly.
	Lieut. Kemp, ditto.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	8th Regiment.
	Maj. Mitchell, dangerously, (returned severely, since dead.)
	Brevet-Major Hogg, slightly.
	Capt. Shields, severely.
	Capt. Larkham, slightly.

SECOND BRIGADE.

	7th Regiment.
Lieut. Hamilton.	Lieut.-Col. Swan, severely.
Qr.-Master Warner.	Major Beckham, slightly.
	Major M'Cabe, severely.
	Capt. Wilson, ditto.
	Lieut. Haggerty, ditto.
	Lieut. Gray, slightly.
	Lieut. Phelan, severely.
	Ensign Armstrong, ditto.
	Ensign Mahon, ditto.
	9th Regiment.
Qr.-Master Wright.	Major Cannon, severely.
	Capt. Mackie, dangerously, (returned severely.)
	Capt. Thompson, severely.
	Lieut. Holmes, ditto.
	Lieut. Stack, slightly.
	Ensign Sparrow, severely.
	Ensign Woods, slightly.
	Ensign Bezant, severely.
	Ensign Byrne, dangerously.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	10th Regiment.
Capt. Mould.	Major Shaw, slightly.
	Capt. Fitzgerald, severely.
	Capt. Count de Kalling, ditto.
	Capt. Park, ditto.
	Lieut. & Adjt. Wright, slightly.
	Lieut. Wm. Price, dangerously, (since dead.)
	Lieut. Joyce, slightly.
	STAFF.
Capt. Knight, A. D. C.	Brig.-Gen. Reid, slightly.
	Brig.-Gen. Shaw, ditto.
	Col. Considine, severely.
	Col. Lord Wm. Paget, A. D. C. [to the Lieut.-Gen., slightly.
	Lieut.-Col. Don Fernando Cotoner, A. D. C. to the Lieut.-[Gen., severely.
	Captain Woolridge, slightly.
	Assist.-Insp.-Gen. of Hospitals [Alcock, slightly.

THE END.

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